

To my Friend, Lolo.
In consideration of her late bereavement these lines are affectionately addressed.

Calm on the breast of the fragrant earth,
Kissed by the lips of the smiling June,
Myriads of flowers are springing to birth,
Heralds of summer's beauty and bloom;
Warm in the light of the sun's pure rays,
Pillars of clouds by the soft breeze riven;
While in the glow of the beautiful days,
Hearts draw nearer and nearer to heaven.

Sad is thy heart and thy brow is pale,
And the beauty and bloom thou canst not see,
And the balmy breath of the flowers' frail,
Or the sweet bird song are naught to thee,
For over the tide on the other shore,
Safe in the bourn of the beautiful land,
Borne by the mystic boatman's oar,
Another hath joined the white-robed band.

Beautiful earth with thy burden of joy;
Beautiful earth with thy burden of woe!
If with our pleasure there came no alloy
Could we the contrast of happiness know?
Were there no death, no parting or pain,
Were there no trials, no sighing or tears,
Why would we sigh heaven's rest to obtain,
Waiting and watching through long, weary years.

Rouse from the trance that fetters thy soul,
Live for those who are living for thee,
What though the clouds of the shadow of death
Sunnily will come, and the dawn thou shalt see;

Take the sweet trust of the psalmist who said,
"Even through the valley of the shadow of death
I will fear no evil, By Him art thou led,
He will ransom His loved ones by faith."

Into His arms of mercy and love,
Go with thy fatherless one so dear;
Hath He not promised to be thy God,
And the orphan's stay in the bitter hour?
Will He not gather thee, thinekest thee, safe
In His own good time on the heavenly shore,
Father and children, husband and wife,
Brother and sister, to part no more?

Then when thy spirit is stricken and lone,
And the path in the future is dark to thee,
Go in thy faith to the Father's throne,
Hath He not said, "Cast thy burden on Me,
Count not the time—it will be but a day
Down the dim lapse of the far-reaching years
Ere thou shalt meet him, forever and aye
Freely from all suffering, sorrow and tears."
LEA HOWARD PETTIT.

STORY OF A PHYSICIAN'S WIFE.

"I have heard of persons whose hair was whitened through excessive fear, but as I never saw myself anyone so affected, I am disposed to be incredulous on the subject."

The above remark was made to Dr. Maynard as we sat on the piazza of his pretty villa, discussing the different effects of terror on dissimilar temperaments. Without replying to me, the doctor turned to his wife and said, "Helen, will you please relate to my old friend the incident within your own experience? It is the most convincing argument I can advance."

I looked at Mrs. Maynard in surprise. I had observed that her hair, which was luxuriant and dressed very becomingly, was purely colorless; but, as she was a young woman, and also a very pretty one, I surmised that it was powdered to heighten the brilliancy of her fine dark eyes.

The doctor and I had been fellow-students, but, after leaving college, we had drifted apart—I to commence practice in an Eastern city, he to pursue his profession in a growing town in the West. I was now on a visit to him for the first time since his marriage.

Mrs. Maynard, no doubt reading my supposition by my look of incredulity, smiled as she shook her snowy tresses over her shoulders, and, seating herself by her husband's side, related the following episode.

"It is nearly two years ago since my husband was called on one evening to visit a patient several miles away. Our domestics had all gone to a 'wake' in the vicinity, the dead man being a relative of one of our serving-women. Thus I was left alone. But I felt no fear, for we never had heard of burglars or any sort of desperadoes in our quiet village, then consisting of a few scattering houses. Two windows leading out on the piazza were open as now, but I secured the blinds before my husband's departure, and locked the outside doors, all except the front one, which I left for the doctor to look after going out, so that, if I should fall asleep before his return, he could enter without arousing me. I heard the doctor's rapid footsteps on the gravel, quickened by the urgent tones of the messenger who awaited him; and, after the sharp rattle of carriage-wheels had become but an echo, I seated myself by the parlor astral, and soon became absorbed in the book I had been reading before being disturbed by the summons. But after a time my interest succumbed to drowsiness, and I thought of retiring, when the clock in the doctor's study adjoining the parlor, struck 12, so I determined to wait a few moments more, feeling that he would be home now very soon. I closed my book, donned a robe-de-chambre, let down my hair, and then returned to my seat to patiently wait and listen. Not the faintest sound disturbed the stillness of the night. Not a breath of air stirred the leaf. The silence was so profound that it became oppressive. I longed for the sharp click of the gate-latch and the well-known step on the gravel-walk. I did not dare to break the hush myself by moving or singing, I was so oppressed with the deep still-

The Deaf-Blind Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VI.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1877.

NUMBER 26.

ness. The human mind is a strange torturer of itself. I began to conjure up vivid fancies about ghostly visitants, in the midst of which occurred to me the stories I had heard from superstitious people about the troubled spirits of those who had died suddenly, like the man whom my servants had gone to 'wake' who had been killed by an accident at the saw-mill. In the midst of these terrifying reflections I was startled by a stealthy footfall on the piazza. I listened between fear and hope. It might be the doctor. But no, he would not tread like that; the step was too soft and cautious for anything less wily than a cat. As I listened again, my eyes were fixed on the window-blind. I saw the slats move slowly and softly, and then the rays of the moon disclosed a thin, cadaverous face, and bright, glittering eyes, peering at me. O horror! who was it? or what was it? I felt the cold perspiration start at every pore. I seemed to be frozen in my chair. I could not move—I could not cry out; my tongue seemed glued to the roof of my mouth, while the deathly-white face pressed closer, and the great sunken eyes wandered in their gaze about the room. In a few moments the blind closed noiselessly as it had been opened, and the cautious footsteps came toward the door. 'Merciful heaven!' I cried, in a horror-stricken whisper, as I heard the key turn in the lock, 'the doctor, in his haste, must have forgotten to withdraw the key!'

"God forgive me!" ejaculated Dr. Maynard, interrupting his wife, and looking far more excited than she. "I can never forgive myself for such a thoughtless act. Please proceed my dear."

"I heard the front door open, the step in the hall, and helpless as a statue I sat riveted to my chair. The parlor door was open, and in it stood a tall, thin man, whom I never beheld before. He was dressed in a long, loose robe—a sort of gaberdiene, and a black velvet skull-cap partially concealed a broad forehead, under which gleamed black eyes, bright as living coals, and placed so near together that their gaze was preternatural in its directness; heavy grizzled eyebrows hung over them like the tangled mane of a lion; the nose was sharp and prominent, the chin was overgrown with white hair, which hung down in locks as weird as the ancient mariner's. He politely doffed his cap, bowed, replaced it and then said, in a slightly foreign accent:

"Madame, it is not necessary for me to stand on any further ceremony, as your husband, Dr. Maynard (hereupon he again bowed profoundly) has already acquainted you with the nature of my business here to-night. I perceive," he added, glancing at my negligé robe, "that you were expecting me."

"No," I found voice to stammer. The doctor had said nothing to me about a visitor at this hour of the night."

"Ah! he wished to spare you, no doubt, a disagreeable apprehension," he returned, advancing, and taking a seat on the sofa opposite me, where for a few moments he sat and eyed me from head to foot with a strange glittering light in his eyes that mysteriously impressed me. "You have a remarkably fine physique, madame," he observed quietly; "one that might deceive the eye of the most skilled and practiced physician. Do you suffer much pain?"

"Unable to speak, I shook my head. A terrible suspicion was creeping over me. I was alone, miles away from aid or rescue, with a madman."

"Ah!" he continued reflectively, "your husband may have mistaken a tumor for a cancer. Allow me to feel your pulse," he said, rising and bending over me.

"I thought it best to humor him, remembering it was unwise for a helpless woman to oppose the as yet harmless freak of a lunatic. He took out his watch, shook his head gravely, laid my hand down gently, then went toward the study, where, on the table, was an open case of surgical instruments."

"Do not be alarmed, madame," he said to me as I was about to rise and flee, and in another instant he was by my side, with the case in his possession.

"Involuntarily I raised my hand and cried:

"Spare me! Oh, spare me, I beseech you!"

"Madame," he said sternly, clasping my wrist with his long, sinewy fingers, with a grip of steel, "you behave like a

child. I have no time to parley, for I received a letter from the Emperor of the French stating that he is suffering from an iliac abscess, and is desirous of my attendance. I must start for Europe immediately after performing the operation upon your breast; and before I could make the slightest resistance, he had me in his arms, and was carrying me into the study, where there was a long table covered with green baize. On this he laid me, and, holding me down with one hand with the strength of a maniac, he brought forth from some hidden recess in his gown, several long leather straps, with which he secured me to the table with the skill of an expert. It was but the work of a moment to unloose my robe and bare my bosom. Then, after carefully examining my left breast, he said:

"Madame, your husband has made a mistake. I find no necessity for my intended operation."

"At this I gave a long sigh of relief, and prepared to arise."

"But," he continued, "I have made the discovery that your heart is as large as that of an ox! I will remove it so that you may see for yourself, reduce it to the natural size by a curious process of my own, unknown to the medical science and of which I am the sole discoverer, and then replace it again."

"He then began to examine the edge of the cruel knife, on which I closed my eyes, while every nerve was in a preceptive tremor."

"The mechanism of the heart is like a watch," he resumed; "if it goes too fast, the great blood vessel that supplies the force must be stopped like the lever of a watch, and the works must be cleaned, and repaired and regulated. It may interest you to know that I was present at the post-mortem examination held over the remains of the beautiful Louise of Prussia. Had I been consulted before her death, I would have saved her by taking out her heart, and removing the polypi, between which it was wedged as if in a vise; but I was called too late. The King and I had a little difference; he was German, I am French. I trust that is sufficient explanation."

"He now bent over me, his long white beard swept my face. I raised my eyes beseechingly, trying to think of some way to save myself. 'Oh, sir, give me an anesthetic, that I may not feel the pain!' I pleaded."

"Indeed, indeed, madame, I would comply with your wish were you not the wife of a physician—a of a skillful surgeon. I wish you to note with what ease I perform this difficult operation, so that you may tell your husband of the great savant whose services he secured fortunately in season."

"As he said this, he made the final test of the knife on his thumb. How precious were the moments now! They were fleeing all too fast, and yet an eternity seemed compressed into every one. I never fainted in my life, and I never felt less like swooning than now, as I summoned all my presence of mind to delay the fearful moment, fervently praying in the meantime for my husband's return."

"Doctor," said I, with assumed composure, "I have the utmost confidence in your skill—I would not trust my life to another; but doctor, you have forgotten to bring a napkin to staunch the blood. If you will have the goodness to ascend to my sleeping chamber, at the right of the hall, you will find everything you need for that purpose in that bureau."

"Ah, madame," he said, shaking his head sagaciously, "I never draw blood during a surgical operation; that is another one of my secrets unknown to the faculty."

"Then placing his hand on my bosom, he added with horrible pleasantry:

"I'll scarcely mar that whiter skin than snow, and smooth as monumental alabaster."

"O, God! I cried, as I felt the cold steel touch my breast; but with the same breath came deliverance."

"Quick as thought a heavy woolen piano-cover was thrown over the head and person of the madman, and bound tightly around him. As quickly as I released, and the things which bound me soon held the maniac."

"My husband noiselessly approached" and, taking the horror of my situation at a glance, had, by the only means at hand, secured the madman, who was the very

patient he had been summoned to attend, but who had escaped the vigilance of his keeper, soon after the departure of the messenger, who had now returned with the doctor in pursuit of him. As the poor wretch was being hurried away, he turned to me and said: 'Madame, this is a plot to rob me of my reputation. Your husband is envious of my great skill as a surgeon. Adieu! I afterwards learned that the man was once an eminent surgeon in Europe, but much learning had made him mad. When he bound me to that table my hair was as black as a raven; when I left it, it was as you see it now—white as full-blown cotton.'—Washington Gazette.

Misuse of Words.

Through lapse of memory, or non acquaintance with their etymology and meaning, some words are constantly misused both by writers and speakers. If this misuse was confined to particular persons, it would be venial; but the contagion seems to be wide-spread and general. More than once in our editorial revision we have had the necessity of correcting sentences in which the word *fraction* was used to express a very small fraction of the whole, whereas it signifies just *one half*. The term *transpire*, means simply "to get abroad," to be told in public," but it is often used in sense of to occur, to take place," thus: "It cannot be rationally supposed that such an event (the passage of the Red Sea) could transpire without the special interference of divine Providence."

In like manner the word "substitute" is used for "replace," as in the Bishop's preface to our hymn book. "Though, perhaps, in the judgment of some, they have not, in every instance been substituted by hymns of greater merit, yet we confidently approve this Revised Copy." This, of course, is an error, though its appearing with the names of the highest dignitaries in the church gives it a seeming authority. The sentence should read, if this word is retained, thus: "Though, in the judgment of some, hymns of greater merit have not been substituted for them."—National Repository.

Effective Scarecrows.

Take two small, cheap mirrors, fasten them back to back, attach a cord to one angle and hang them to a pole. When the glass swings the sun's rays are reflected all over the field, even if it be a large one, and even the oldest and bravest of crows will depart precipitately should one of its lightning flashes fall on him. The second plan, although a terror to the crows, is especially well suited to fields subject to the raids of small birds and even chickens. It involves the artificial hawk made from a large potato and long goose and turkey feathers. The maker can exercise his imitative skill in sticking the feathers into the potato so that they resemble the spread wings and tail of the hawk. It is astonishing what a ferocious looking bird of prey can be constructed from the above simple material. It only remains to hang the object from a tall, bent pole and the wind will do the rest. The bird will make swoops and dashes in the most threatening manner. Even the most inquisitive of venerable hens have been known to hurry rapidly from its dangerous vicinity, while to small birds it carries unmixed dismay.—Scientific American.

The walls of Russian churches are almost entirely covered with pictures of the Virgin and Child, of saints, and also of the Creator, who is represented as an aged man with long white hair and beard, having the triangle, or symbol of the godhead, either above his head or in his hand. Sometimes he sits on clouds, with his foot placed on the globe, and in this seems merely a copy of Jupiter or Thor. The halos upon the brows of the saints are usually of silver gilt, often of pure gold, set with precious stones and pearls. The dresses are gold or silver gilt, also studded with jewels. They are brilliantly lighted by the numerous little lamps suspended before them, and by the enormous candles, in silver sconces, near the shrines and altars. The robes of the priests are also splendid, and the general magnificence serves a good purpose in attracting the masses to a frequent attendance.

Rude and Crude Observations.

"I won't" is a woman's ultimatum. The fire that "went out" has returned.

None of us liken the crying of another person's baby.

Red tape is the legal chalk with which a lawyer riddles his sheep.

Truth, like London Pure Milk, lives certainly at the bottom of a well.

Recommend to your children virtue; that alone can make them happy, not gold.

If we all had windows to our breast, what a demand there would be for blinds!

When a man has been "drinking like a fish," it is "the salmon" always that is to blame.

The bread of repentance we eat, is often made of the wild oats we sow in youth.

No man knows when he goes to law, or gets into a cab; what he will have to pay on getting out of it.

Years are the milestones which tell us the distance we have traveled, but it is rarely that women count them.

The dissipation that persons resort to to drown care, are like the curtains that children in bed pull around them to keep out the dark.

Some persons are fond of "opening their minds" to you if it were a dirty linen bag—only to let you see the foul things that can drop out of it.

The Habit of Sneering.

When we overvalue ourselves we undervalue our neighbors. Self-conceit is therefore the source of that pharisaical weakness called contempt. The man who prides himself on his descent sneers upon the man who relies upon himself, and cares not who was his grandfather. The self-sufficient pursuit says to the scapegrace, "Go, too, wretch—I am holier than you," and the millionaire who regards money not as a means but as an end, looks with scorn upon the plodder who is content with a moderate competence. There are few things in this world so utterly contemptible as sneering. It is the vice of vanity and is a sensation unknown to true greatness.

Putting His Horse to Bed.

The grooms were bedding up their horses. I walked up to mine, and commenced by patting him on the neck, and talking to him in soft, low tones. He began pawing first with one forefoot, then with the other, and evidently knew me and my voice. Taking a snaffle bridle, I put it on, pulled him back gently into the stall, rubbed my hand up and down on his knees, and then, putting my mouth to his ear, whispered into it as if talking to him. He began immediately to move, and, bending his knees, slowly let himself down on his near side, I, at the same time keeping well clear of him, while I still patted him on the neck. When I took the bridle off, he settled for the night. "Now," said I, "he's safe, and will sleep all night. Come away." They were astonished.—From Major Charles Loftis's Book.

Fashions.

Satin boots the color of the dress are a fashionable novelty.

Silver scarf pins of simple design are the caprice of the moment.

Linen fans trimmed with Torchon lace are among the latest novelties.

Two bars of gold linked by a chain are fashionable sleeve buttons.

Japanese straw hats, with flat crowns and narrow brims, are worn by little girls.

The newest collars for gentlemen are linen bands straight around the neck in clerical style.

Ribbon chateleines are more fashionable for fans than metal chains, and for full dress they are made of chains of flowers and leaves.

The rage for the antique extends even to table linen and towelings. Face towels have blue and red medieval borders instead of the customary damask designs and Pompeian borders are shown on table cloths.

Why is a situation of great trust like a back tooth? Because it is hard to fill.

"Thieving in the outskirts" is the latest slang for picking ladies' pockets.

Thoughts for Saturday Night.

Your goodness must have some edge to it, else it is none.

It is much better to have your gold in the hand than in the heart.

How dull the atheist get his idea of that God whom he denies!

The love of glory can only create a great hero; the contempt of it creates a great man.

Glory is so enchanting that we love whatever we associate with it, even though it be death.

Gifts are as gold that adorns the temple; grace is like the temple that sanctifies the gold.

True gladness doth not always speak; joy bred and born but in the tongue is weak.

Nations and men are only the best when they are the gladdest, and deserve heaven when they enjoy it.

He is the best gentleman that is the son of his own deserts, and not the degenerated heir of another's virtue.

He seldom lives frugally who lives by chance. Hope is always liberal, and they that trust her promises make little scruple of reveling to-day upon the profits of to-morrow.

One might as well try to calculate mathematically the contingent forms of the tinkling of bits of glass in a kaleidoscope as to look through the tube of the future and fortell its pattern.

Fortune, like other females, prefers a lover to a master, and submits with impatience to control; but he that woos her with opportunity and importunity will seldom court her in vain.

To be thrown upon one's own resources is to be cast into the very lap of fortune; for our faculties then undergo a development and display an energy of which they were previously unsusceptible.

Trout Fishing.

An exchange has the following: "For the information of trout fishermen, we will tell them something that may be of use to them: If you can catch one trout you are supplied with the most taking lure that can be used, not even excepting the most enticing fly ever tried. Cut out the annal fin, with enough of the flesh to give your hook a firm hold, and cast as with flies, or use a light sinker and keep bait in motion. If trout will do anything, you have nothing to do but land your fish. We have tried it repeatedly, and have never known it to fail when fish were inclined to rise at all."

Affection in society would be more shunned than it is, if it were known how often it prevents friendships, and even marriages, between those who would like each other, if both parties appeared in their proper colors. To put on an air of more or less wisdom, more or less religion, than we really have, destroys all power of judgment. We are conscious of our own assumptions, but not always aware of those of others; and thus, mistaking, we are led sometimes to avoid what would be a congenial union, and sometimes to make ill-assorted ones.

A writer in the Baltimore Bee is of the opinion that black-eyed ladies are most apt to be passionate and jealous. Blue-eyed, soulful, truthful, affectionate and confiding. Gray-eyed, philosophical, literary, resolute, cold-hearted. Hazel-eyed, quick-tempered and fickle. A woman is either worth a good deal or nothing. If good for nothing she is not worth getting jealous for; if she be a true woman, she will give no cause for jealousy. A man is a brute to be jealous of a good woman—a fool to be jealous of a worthless one; but is a double fool to cut his throat for either of them.

SMALL POX.—A correspondent of the Liverpool Mercury writes to that journal as follows:—"I am willing to risk my reputation as a public man if the worst case of small-pox cannot be effectually cured in three days, simply by cream of tartar. This is the sure and never-failing remedy: One ounce of cream of tartar, dissolved in a pint of boiling water, to be drunk when cold, at short intervals. It can be taken at any time, and is a preventive as well as a curative. It is known to have cured in a hundred thousand cases, without a failure."

Washington Correspondence.

(From our own Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 16, '77.
There has been some complaint, within a year, that the Pension claims receive tardy attention, excepting those made by some who have influential friends. I have been looking into the matter somewhat, and it appears to me that there is a lack of force in the Pension Bureau, and that this is the cause of all the trouble. This is shown by the following statement, which is made "upon honor," and by those who know whereof they speak. The number of new claims filed for pensions last year was 17,030; the number disposed of either by allowance or rejection was 7,800; only about 46 per cent. of those filed being acted on. There are now in the Pension office 42,000 unsettled claims, some 10,000 more than there were a year ago. I have also come into possession of a few facts which will not be uninteresting in this connection. There are 232,000 pensioners, 125,000 of whom are soldiers who were disabled in service, and 107,000 are the widows or indigent relatives of soldiers who lost their lives by reason of service in army or navy. The amount annually paid to them by the Government is about \$30,000,000. Payments are made quarterly, but those who chose may draw only once in three years; after three years their names are dropped from the rolls, and must be restored by application in due form to the Commissioner of Pensions. The new movement to consolidate Pension Agencies is meeting with little approval. The old system worked to the satisfaction of most parties concerned, and a dread is felt of the delay, trouble and expense attendant upon any change, especially by the pensioners; while it is elsewhere opposed because it will cut off various politicians from a right comfortable berth.

Many comments are afloat concerning the representation of the United States at the Paris Exposition next year; but the necessary appropriation being delayed by the postponement of the extra session, the idea has prevailed that nothing could be done about it. There is thought by those who ought to know, however, that there is a constitutional way out of the difficulty. In the case of the Vienna Exposition the invitation to participate in it was accepted by our State Department before action was taken by Congress; and Secretary Evarts affirms then an American Commission should be appointed provisionally upon the understanding that no compensation should be claimed by it unless Congress should ratify their appointment, of which there is little doubt. The minimum expense estimated to be necessary is \$300,000.

People are beginning to complain that there is no evidence of reform in the civil service yet, seeming to expect Rome to be built in a day. Straws show which way the wind blows and little events are of weekly occurrence which show that there is an improvement going on, slowly it may be, but surely. For instance, Secretary of the Navy recently having occasion to fill a vacancy made by the death of Paymaster Frost, issued an order requiring candidate to enter upon a competitive examination before a board of officers, on whose report the appointment was made. Such a case is without a precedent in that department. Another evidence of the same change is seen in the fact that for the first time in the history of the country a rule has been adopted that no consul shall be appointed who cannot speak the language of the country to which he is sent. This is not only in itself a very needful step towards "reform," but is useful in showing up the great stupidity of our diplomatic service in the past. The idea is simply ridiculous to send to foreign lands what was to all intents and purposes a dummy in trousers—a consular figurehead. It has not been considered that a consul to any of the Spanish American States should be able to speak Spanish. It is hard to understand how the government could have been guilty of such blunders; but let us not complain of the past, but rather rejoice in the improved present. We need reform sadly enough.

To those of your readers who are of the opinion which prevails to some extent throughout the country, that the Centennial Exhibition was a dead loss, I would like to say that \$1,275,000 have already been paid into the U. S. Treasury, leaving \$225,000 yet to be paid.

M. M. W.

It was at a church strawberry festival, and a young man with much shirt collar looked supremely sad and melancholy. The church pastor, noticing the gloomy appearance of the youth, asked him if he enjoyed religion, and the young man replied that he did—until he was charged a dollar and a half for twenty-five cents' worth of strawberries and cream. That settled it.

—David Hayes, aged fifty years, flagman at the Syracuse Central depot, dropped dead while on duty, Friday, from sunstroke.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.
REV. F. L. SELINEY, Associate Editor,
Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y.
REV. AUSTIN W. MANN, Editor,
477 Euclid St., Cleveland, O.
REV. HENRY WINTER SYLVE, Foreign Editor,
U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:
One copy, one year, \$1.50
Clubs of ten, 1.25
If not paid within six months, \$2.00
These prices are in variable. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter.
Terms, cash in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS.
All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communication.

Contributions, Subscriptions, and Business Letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

All communications relative to the Foreign Department should be sent to the Foreign Editor, Henry Winter Sylve, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1877.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Special Notice to Agents.

Our canvassing and collecting agents are each and all requested to forward, without delay, all money due us on account of subscriptions to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Hereafter agents will please send immediately all orders received for subscriptions to the JOURNAL, or renewals for the same, accompanied by the money due us, and the names of subscribers and their places of residence. By doing this will save us much annoyance from subscribers, who have given their pledges and paid the cash. Some of them have written to ascertain why we have not commenced sending the paper to them. Promptness on the part of our agents will save much confusion and be much more satisfactory to subscribers.

The Central New York Institution.

We have received a copy of the second annual report and documents of the above named institution for deaf-mutes at Rome, N. Y., for the year ending Sept. 30, 1876. Under the management of its efficient principal, Edward B. Nelson, A. B., and his competent assistants, the school is well conducted, and the pupils are making good progress in their studies, but are still lacking the opportunity of trade learning for the boys. This institution, which was opened for the reception of pupils in March, 1875, and began operations with four pupils, has fast grown in popular favor. The whole number of pupils in attendance Sept. 30, 1876, was 55, and Sept. 30, 1876, the number was 83. The total receipts of money up to the date of the reports were \$21,953.52; total expenditures during the same period, \$21,407.07, leaving the balance of \$546.45 on hand Oct. 1, 1876. Of the whole number of pupils received, 49 were supported by the State of New York, and 37 by the counties from which they came.

At date of the reports four dwelling houses were occupied by the institution, conveniently near to each other, and all of them filled to their utmost capacity. The rent paid for the dwelling houses was \$1,650 a year, an item which could be saved if the institution owned its own building. A fine, large building site has been donated to the institution by Messrs. Benjamin N. Huntington, Edward Huntington, and John B. Jervis. The papers making the conveyance were duly recorded in the county clerk's office on the 24th of January, 1876. The stipulations are that to hold possession of the land it must be occupied within five years, and that it is not to be used for any but institution purposes at any time, and in case of a failure to comply in either case it reverts back to the donors. The trustees consider the donation, as it truly is, a magnificent one, and had the \$30,000 appropriation for the erection of the buildings succeeded, no doubt the needed structure would have been erected on the site during the present year. The building site is estimated at \$1,000 an acre or \$6,650 in all, at a low valuation. It is sincerely to be regretted that the institution failed to secure the \$30,000 item, as it is in great need of better accommodations, and probably no more favorable time than the present could be chosen for the erection of the buildings.

Let the friends of the Rome Institution take courage while they may reasonably hope that at the next session of our Legislature ample funds will be provided, and that another year shall see permanent and convenient buildings occupying the site which has already been given for them.

In that Bright Home.

Our little blossom which we could keep for only six short weeks, died of inflammation of the bowels at about two o'clock Wednesday morning, the 13th inst., and the funeral services were conducted at our residence at 10 A. M., on the 15th by Rev. Dr. Joseph Cross, Rector of our Grace (Episcopal) Church.

From the first of his sickness medical skill and fond care availed nothing, and on the evening of the 12th, death apparently approaching, the ordinance of baptism was very kindly and impressively administered by Rev. W. F. Hemenway, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of this village, Rev. Dr. Cross and Rev. Mr. Foster, Rector of St. James' Church, Pulaaki, N. Y., both being absent from their homes.

The form was enclosed in a beautiful white casket, and garlands of fresh flow

ers were entwined about the body. Sympathizing friends in considerable numbers met to pay the last tribute of respect to the little one whose spirit had taken its early flight to a bright home in the mansions above. The bearers were composed of four little boys. There was a partial interpretation of the services through the manual alphabet by Miss Eliza Emery, for the benefit of the few deaf-mutes present. Dr. Cross addressed his remarks which were full of pathos and very cheering, to the hearing audience. The funeral anthem and the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians were read, prayer offered and a sermon of rare culture and sound reasoning preached from the subject of the general resurrection.

After the singing and formal closing of the services an opportunity was given for viewing the remains, after which the services were concluded at the village cemetery.

This is the fourth little cherub we have within a few years deposited in our cemetery grounds, and we feel deeply stricken with grief at the death of our little Henry, but we cheerfully submit to the chastening hand of a kind Providence, knowing that He does all for the best, and we feel assured that our dear little ones are brilliant stars in his kingdom.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

The following item has been sent us without the name and date of the paper from which it was clipped:

JOHN TURNER, of Boston, rents Hadley's Maple Cottage in Proctor's Court, Swampscott.—*Boston Sunday Herald*, June 10, 1877.

DURING his recent stay in Pittsburg, Dr. GALLAUDET was the guest of I. H. SHOENBERGER, the well known nail manufacturer and millionaire.

The private school for deaf-mutes in Pittsburg, kept by Miss WOODSIDE and her brother ARCH, has been discontinued. The West Pennsylvania Institution absorbed it.

PROF. LOGAN is principal of the institution at Turtle Creek, and reports fifty pupils in attendance. DR. GALLAUDET and Rev. A. W. MANN, lately visited in company with Mr. McCLUNG.

R. H. ARWOOD, of Newburyport, Mass., says the ladies deserve great credit for the brilliant success of their late fair in behalf of the Industrial Home. Three cheers for the ladies.

REV. A. W. MANN hopes to be able to hold a morning and evening service in the chapel of St. James' Church, Chicago, on the first of July, the first at 10:30 A. M., and the latter at 3 P. M.

The deaf-mutes of Providence and vicinity intend to have a clam bake picnic down the bay on the 10th of July. They have invited Prof. JOHNSON to accompany them, and he has accepted the invitation.

NEARLY fifty deaf-mutes were in attendance at DR. GALLAUDET'S afternoon service in St. John's Church, Cincinnati, on the 17th inst. Quite a number of them were from Newport around the Ohio river from Cincinnati.

THOS. J. McCLUNG, of Pittsburg, Pa., intended starting on the 29th of this month, for Mystic, Conn., where his daughter has been attending Whipple's private school for a year past. The vacation of this school begins on the 27th inst.

The deaf-mutes of Cincinnati will hold a second annual picnic near the city on the seventh of July. All those who intend to join in the picnic are requested to meet in the Sunday school room of St. John's Church, corner Seventh and Plum Sts., between 8 and 9 o'clock A. M.

Over twelve hundred inhabitants of York, Pa., recently signed the Murphy temperance pledge, and among them was a deaf-mute by the name of G. E. KOHLER, who is supposed to be the first deaf-mute signer of the pledge in that town.

As train No. 3 on the Fort Wayne R.R. due here at 9:30 on Saturday evening, was coming over Reading hill, the engine struck a deaf man named ROSE, injuring him considerably. He was a farmer and lives about 9 miles distant, where he was sent by the station agent at Reading.

The Rev. L. G. BROWN, well known in Pittsburg for his work among deaf-mutes in time past, was present at DR. GALLAUDET'S afternoon service in Trinity Church Chapel, and manifested much interest in the Church Mission. He is now one of the Board of Trustees of the West Pennsylvania Institution.

ONE of the life prisoners at the Columbus, O., penitentiary is a deaf-mute, named Davis, sent for under a policeman in Cincinnati some three years ago. This Davis was a violent character, and commonly braced himself up for a fight with large quantities of whiskey. He is now where cold water is plenty and bad drinks scarce.

THE Toga county Record speaks of GEORGE M. LUCAS, of Oswego, N. Y., as one of the best boot-makers in that place. He has worked at the business 49 years in the cities of Boston, Hartford, New York, etc. His work is serviceable and done in excellent taste. He can fit any deformed feet. Give him a trial.

LATE last night a deaf-mute by the name of JOHN SMITH was struck by a passing train near the Union Depot, and from the injuries received, he died towards morning. He carried a reference directed to W. BOYD GILMORE, Spruce Hill, Penn., and it was from this that his identity was established.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*, June 12, 1877.

At Christ (Episcopal) Church, Ohio, on the 14th inst., interesting religious services were held by Rev. Dr. GALLAUDET and Rev. A. W. MANN, in the presence of a fair audience, a considerable number of which were deaf-mutes. DR. GALLAUDET spoke to the hearing portion present of his work among the deaf and dumb. Rev. Mr. MANN said he was pleased to see so many deaf-mutes at the meeting, and related some of his experience as a worker for Christ among the deaf-mutes. As such services had not before been held in Dayton, the hearing people seemed interested and gratified at seeing part of the services rendered in sign-language. After the meeting closed, Mr. MANN told the deaf-mutes that he felt encouraged at the success of the meeting, and perhaps he would visit the place again. The city has about fifteen deaf-mutes, and they say that next fall they will organize a society.

This day a letter for deaf-mutes at Galesburg, Ill., was brought to a close before the end of the regular term on account of whooping cough among the pupils, and there is to be three months' vacation. The teacher of the school, Miss HELEN DUNNING is now at her father's home at Salisbury Centre, N. Y., where she will be pleased to see her former associates. She does not intend to return to Galesburg next term, but will, if possible, obtain a situation in some State institution for the instruction of the deaf and dumb.

The friends of Miss FIDELIA M. MORGAN, of Watertown, N. Y., will be pained to hear of the death of her dear, aged mother, which occurred in that city on the morning of the 23d inst. Miss MORGAN lost her father not long ago and now her last earthly parent, with whom she has lived since the advent of her life, is gone. Mrs. MORGAN was a very faithful and attentive mother to FIDELIA, and always a kind-hearted friend to the deaf-mutes. This maternal loss has inflicted a heavy blow on FIDELIA, and she has our sincere sympathy in her bereavement.

HIRAM L. BALL, our deaf-mute friend of this town recently met with a severe affliction—the death of his kind father, ORA BALL, a highly respected citizen and a long resident of this town, who died Friday, the 15th inst., of complicated diseases, prominent among which were rheumatism and kidney disease, as we are informed. Mr. Ball was a faithful husband, kind father, and had a large circle of relatives and friends who deeply mourn the loss of their companion. He was uniformly cheerful, although he had been a great sufferer for several years. Hiram has our sincere sympathy in his sad bereavement.

HENRY HARRINGTON, of Lowell, Mass., and a graduate of the New York Institution, has for the past two years suffered from partial paralysis. Last August he had to quit work on account of his poor health, and weakness of the spine. He began working again in March last, but after continuing at it for about three months was advised to suspend labor through hot weather. He is now quite feeble, but able to get out in the air and enjoy some of the sunshine, and attends church services regularly. Mr. HARRINGTON can walk about, but with considerable difficulty; he seems, however, to be happy in enjoying part of his life's comforts. It is hoped that he will eventually recover his strength and the free use of his limbs.

PROF. W. L. BIRD, of the American Asylum, Hartford, Conn., writes: "We recently received a visit from a smart old man who did as much visiting in two days as would take an ordinary person four. Having been away for years, his eyes were open to the many changes in the city which had been made during the past thirty years unnoticed or almost forgotten by the residents, as change under their very eyes does not seem so much of a change after all. I saw him in Virginia six years ago, but he looked stronger and healthier when here, he having apparently taken a fresh hold of life and obtained a new lease. New England has gained an interesting and zealous missionary for her deaf-mutes, while Virginia has lost a faithful teacher and friend of the deaf and dumb. I refer to Prof. JOHNSON.

WILLIAM ROSSMAN, a deaf-mute, left home in Livingston, Columbia Co., N. Y., last October, and went to Greensboro, Ga., to visit his brother through the winter. On the 18th of February he married a Southern lady who can both hear and speak and is very well educated. Her name was LUCY E. CUNNINGHAM, and they now live on the country very much, and has bought 256 acres of land at \$7.00 an acre, near the town. The land is said to be very good, and cheap at the price. He has purchased an engine and built a cotton gin on the farm. Mr. ROSSMAN is evidently an enterprising deaf-mute, and worth a handsome property, and it is scarcely necessary to add that he has subscribed and paid for his paper—the JOURNAL.

ELMIRA CONVENTION,

August 29th and 30th, 1877.

Arrangements are now being made by which the success of the

SEVENTH BIENNIAL CONVENTION

Of the Empire State Deaf-Mute Association is assured.

Among the attractions of value and deep interest will be an excursion to the WORLD-FAMED WATKINS GLEN, THE NATURAL MARVELS OF WHICH ARE GRAND AND STUNNING!

Prof. S. T. GREENE, B. A., of the Ontario Deaf-Mute Institution, Belleville, Canada, or his alternate, Prof. THOS. H. JEWELL, of the New York Institution, will deliver an oration. Programme will be published in full detail in the JOURNAL within a few days.

H. C. RIDER, Pres't.

F. L. SELINEY, Sec'y.

A Table,

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

Sunday, July 1st.

The Psalter for the 1st day of the month.

Morning Prayer.

1st Lesson—Genesis XLIX.

2d Lesson—Acts XV.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—Genesis I.

2d Lesson—Hebrews X.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the fifth Sunday after Trinity.

Sunday, July 8th.

The Psalter for the 8th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.

1st Lesson—Exodus III.

2d Lesson—Acts XVII.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—Exodus v.

2d Lesson—Hebrews XI.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the sixth Sunday after Trinity.

—An exchange says:—When a man is treating a dashing young widow to ice cream and sees his wife coming into the restaurant, about all he can do is to button his coat, hang to his chair, and trust in Providence.

—Get ready for the Town Picnic.

The Hidden Hand, or Quiet Doing.

BY MRS. E. M. GRAY, M. D.

[Our readers will no doubt remember where we left off last week, but if they should not all they have to do is to refer to the previous issue.]

Charlie's Ned was cutting up his pranks with the squirrel. Lilla was developing finely under the genial home sunshine. What a contrast to other days, when her almost-breaking heart was reaching out for the love she was now constantly receiving from all the inmates of Judge Shelby's family! Even John, the coachman, would often invoke blessings on the little angel. In after life how those memories will refresh Lilla as she will become a loving wife and devoted mother.

There is in the first experiences of life the first experience of childhood. Such a clear, full, and uncontrolled flow of pleasure, that we look back to them afterwards, and wish, in later and riper life, that it was possible to have such simple and utter abandonment to our feelings.

We go back to the scenes of childhood and stand on the places that witnessed our early sports and joys with an incredulous wonder. It seems more like a dream than a reality that we were once children, capable of doing and being all that we remember.

Miss Emma Shelby was a model of excellence. She inherited all the amiable qualities of her mother, with the intellectual developments of her father.

So that in her make-up there was a fine combination of the true, the beautiful, the noble. The circle of her influence was not circumscribed merely by the conventionalities of society. Her standard of a true lady was elevating, ennobling, and no wonder that Rev. Charles G. Jerome greatly admired her, although he had not, as yet, ventured to make it known, only by repeated calls at the residence of the Judge, thinking it highly proper as the pastor of the family, and besides Mrs. Shelby could not attend on the worship of God in the sanctuary. Ah, the afflicted one had learned the sweet lesson of contentment by the afflictions through which she had passed, and was yet enduring. She needed not the voice of the loving teacher. She heard those sweet whispers of the Spirit, "Lo! I am with you always."

The experiences of life had prepared her for that quiet rest of faith that enabled her to rise superior to the disappointments that must necessarily fall to all sooner or later, hers was a faith that shone bright and clear when disease and deafness was on her. When her family would leave her on the Sabbath morning she held communion with her Saviour, and realized his abiding presence all through the days and the nights of her earthly pilgrimage in the blest assurance, that when this mortal should put on immortality then all weariness, all pain, all deafness would forever depart. She enjoyed looking out on our beautiful world made by God. Each mountain top, each valley, hill and dale preached to her a sermon.

The mountain is God's throne, on whose sides Silence the parent of deep thought abides, His matin song, the hour when morning breaks, And the glad heart in gratitude awakes, So he from the world's temptation flies, To his own mind's solitudes, Erects a temple to his God, More grand than any built by human hands.

Miss Emma had made the best of her young life thus far, and we think she will in years to come bring out on her life canvas a beautiful picture of all that is pure and lovely and of good report. What contrasts we often witness! In looking about on the circle of our acquaintances we are surprised to see how few have made the voyage successfully; that fewer still have reached the ports for which they sailed! All along the shores of the great ocean, on whose currents they are borne with resistless sweep, are strewn the wrecks of those whose embarking were seemingly under the star of hope. Many a noble nature has been shipwrecked. Many devoted mothers have wept bitter tears over blighted hopes. Ah! they little thought, as they held the tiny babes and pressed the wee little creatures to their hearts, that some day their darlings would cause them to weep those burning, scalding tears that only mothers weep. Repine not ye mothers when the dear, loving Father calls your little rose-buds to his loving arms, to his own flower garden. They are saved, and perhaps you are saved many days of weariness, many, many nights of untold sorrow. See that man steeped in crime; he is sentenced to meet the assassin's doom! Once he was an innocent babe, but bad associations, bad habits have ruined him. Some who may read this narrative may have had their pet little ones called to the beautiful summer land. They are not dead; they live; and when your life on earth is ended you will join them in the abodes of the blest, the saved. Be patient, be faithful to the dear ones you have left. Train them up in the fear and the love of God. Make all your home associations just as pleasant as you can. If you are poor, have but little of this world's riches, you may have and enjoy the riches of Christ's love, and your dear ones will see and understand that mother is in sympathy with the dear, loving Saviour, who, when on earth, took little children in his arms, blessing them while he said, "of such is the kingdom of heaven." Blessed work to make such impressions on the infant mind that in after years they will refer to days of childhood, just as the only son of the writer did a few weeks before he left her for the better land. It was one Sunday eve, just as the sun was going down behind the western hills on Catskill's rugged mountain-top. He was seated out on the verandah of the hotel; a young clergyman (Rev. Mr. Crane) was seated one side of him, his mother the

other side. A bright, happy boy was skipping on the lawn in all the vigor of youth. The dear one, whose name was Macdonald Gray, turned round to Mr. Crane, saying, "That little chap makes me think of myself. After father died, mother used to take my two sisters (Lizzie and Leonora), and myself, and journey with us. We often went to Saratoga Springs for the summer months." Then his bright, black eyes glistened as he said, "Mine was a bright, sunny childhood. I think of it with much pleasure." How those words have cheered that mother's widowed heart as she has thought of the past, and even now remembers in all the intensity of her grief the son of her love as he gently passed away to brighter scenes and purer joys. Precious words as they are treasured up in memory's casket! We briefly allude to our dear one, as so many of our dear mute friends at the Institution at Washington Heights, N. Y., over which Dr. Peet presided, knew him by his often going there to see Leonora, whom he loved so tenderly, so devotedly. So mothers and sisters, brush away the falling tears while we meekly say, "Even so, Father, for thus it seemeth good in thy sight." Pleasant memories cluster around the grave of buried love. And we are not alone in our sorrow. Others mourn as we; and we would comfort others, as we have been comforted of God, who is the help and rock of our salvation.

Mrs. Shelby was rearing up for herself a lasting monument of love that could not crumble or decay, when she should lay aside earth for heaven. Miss Emma took her place in all household duties. She had been thus trained and had been taught the lesson of self-reliance, and she in turn was teaching the pet of the family, our little Lilla. The same lesson, good influences, good instructions, never entirely die out. There comes a time when they spring forth in some hearts, and it is the earnest wish of the writer that this simple story may induce some to exert a healthful influence, shedding gleams of sunshine into hearts and homes now destitute of brightness. Alas, if they will, do something to lighten hearts bowed down by grief. If it is nothing else than taking to some lone one the simple flower, "Forget-me-not." Flowers seem to have peculiar power over some natures. They have a mysterious and subtle influence on the feelings, not unlike some strains of music. They relax the tenseness of the mind. They dissolve its rigor.

In their presence one finds a magnetic tremulousness, as if they were messengers from the spirit world, and conveyed an atmosphere with them in which the feelings find soothing pleasure and peace. Miss Emma had great love for flowers, and she cultivated them. Lilla also loved them. See there—she is tripping along, gathering the early blossoms of spring for dear grandmother. No midsummer flowers can produce the thrill that the earliest blossoms bring, which tell us that winter is gone, that growing days have come! Indeed, it often happens that the air is cold, and the face of the earth is brown, so that we have no suspicion that it is time for anything to sprout, until we change upon a flower. That reveals what our senses have failed to perceive—a warmth in the air, a warmth in the soil, an advance in the seasons! Strange that a silent, white flower, growing on a hillside, measures the astronomical changes, and more than all our senses, discerns that the sun is traveling back from his far southern flight! Sometimes too we admire flowers for their boldness. When meadows and fields are gorgeous, we look for some flower that shall give the climax. An intensity often serves to reveal the nature of things in all their several gradations. A violet color in these early spring days must not please half so well as those pure white or tender pinks. We like snow drops and crocuses to come up pale colored as if born of the snow, and carrying their mother's complexion. Such were the flowers with which Lilla was decorating grandma's head. Beautiful emblems of the pure in heart. Sometimes we receive a letter from a far-off friend. We open it, and there our eyes rest on spring's first offering—a tiny flower just born into life.

Our chapter must now be brought to a close ere we take up too much room in the JOURNAL. We hope to meet you next week, and Lilla shall speak for herself.

Silent Services.

The announcement through the press that there would be a sermon preached to deaf-mutes at St. John's Episcopal Church last evening drew out a large congregation. About one-twentieth of them were deaf-mutes, and the rest went to see how it would seem to witness a sermon they couldn't hear.

"Are you a deaf-mute?" asked the usher of our reporter.

"What did you say?" with an inclination of the head.

"Are you a deaf-mute?" somewhat louder.

"Yes, sir, I am. What of it?"

"Then take a seat near by the door. You can hear just as well as you could in a front pew."

The services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, who is not a deaf-mute, and by Rev. Mr. Mann, who is. The latter used the sign manual alone, while Dr. Gallaudet interpreted it by mouth to that part of the congregation that could hear. Dr. Gallaudet also used the sign language to introduce the services, at the same time explaining it and relating its history, its use and its difference from the alphabetical language of the mutes. The Rector of the Church, Rev. Dr. Morgan, closed the service with a brief address, which Dr. Gallaudet translated into the sign language for the benefit of the mutes. In short, the exercises were of a mute-alike character, with a tendency to be double-ended. It was interesting to all, and everybody went away instructed by what they heard and what they didn't hear.—*Cin. Enquirer*.

Excursion for Deaf-Mutes.

The first annual excursion of the Manhattan Literary Association takes place on the 11th of July, to Washington Grove, up the Hudson, (Tappan Zee). Single ticket 25 cts. The boat, "Fort Lee," which has been chartered for the occasion, will leave 8th St., (E. R.) at 8 A. M.; Canal St., (N. R.) at 8:30, and 24th St., (N. R.) at 9 o'clock. The committee will be on the dock, and those without tickets can then obtain them. Children under 12 free. Don't forget. EXCURSION.

Speech of the Deaf-Mute.

At the grave of the late poet, Mosenthal, buried in the Jewish Cemetery at Vienna, one of the inmates of the Jewish institute for the education of the deaf and dumb, spoke a prayer, as the deceased was a director of that charity. The impression made by this prayer was so profound that every journal of the Austrian capital commented on the rare phenomenon. The *Wiener Presse*, improving the opportunity to influence the community in favor of those unfortunate beings, published an article written by the teacher of that young disciple, Director Deutsch, in which it is made clear and evident that every deaf-mute person can learn to speak clearly, intelligently and sufficiently to give expression to his thoughts and feelings, if trained according to an established method, with patience, love and persistency. Teachers ought to enter upon a correspondence with Director Deutsch to get themselves informed more accurately on this important branch of instruction.—*Ecz.*

Homes for Deaf-Mute Children.

From the London Christian.

The first public meeting of a society which has for its object, the providing of ladies' Christian Homes for deaf and dumb children, from four years of age, who are being educated in a board school, was held lately at the Cannon Street Hotel, Sir Charles Reed, presiding. In the statement read by the Treasurer, it was mentioned that the necessity for these homes had arisen out of the action of the School Board for London, which had undertaken to provide an improved system of education for all the deaf and dumb children of the Metropolis, by establishing centres of instruction in the ordinary day schools provided for other children, the maintenance of such children not being within the scope or power of the Board. Some of these children were too young to attend regularly, on account of distance, and many others, probably more than 300, were unable to attend at all; and a temporary home in the vicinity of each centre, where these children could board and lodge from Monday till Friday, would place the advantages of education within their reach. The experiment had been tried, and had proved successful, in two homes, and two more homes would be opened when the necessary funds had been supplied.

For the Deaf-Mutes.

INTERESTING SERVICES AT ST. JOHN'S M. E. CHURCH.

For several months past a Bible class of deaf-mutes has been conducted at the St. John's M. E. Church by lay teachers. The class averages about thirty-five members, by far the larger of whom received their early religious training under the influence of other denominations. The efforts made by the Episcopal church to reach this class, and the adaptability of its liturgical service, over those of an extemporaneous character, to this kind of interpretation, have brought into its fold probably a greater number of deaf-mutes than there are in all the other Protestant denominations combined.

St. Ann's Church, New York, of which the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet is rector, was the first church established for mutes in this country. The ten missions in the West are under the itinerant charge of a mute clergyman, the Rev. A. W. Mann. Both clergymen are now on an official visit to Cincinnati.

Regular afternoon services for the deaf-mute class were held in St. John's church yesterday. The first public service of the kind was held in the same church last evening. A front section of pews was reserved for the mutes and a large congregation filled the other part of the church. Services were opened by the Rev. P. B. Morgan, rector of the parish. The Rev. Dr. Gallaudet continued the evening prayer, and the Rev. Mr. Mann interpreted it to his class by signs. As they followed closely every motion of the interpreter, and showed a familiarity with the services, it appeared to all that the work in their behalf was so far quite encouraging. The hymns were similarly interpreted, and though the class, were, of course, unable to appreciate the music, the sentiment was conveyed to their minds with almost equal power by their admirable system of signs.

At the conclusion of the evening prayer the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet explained the work and something of its history. The method of interpretation used was that of signs expressing the idea rather than the word—an improvement on the old mute manual. This language has been pretty generally adopted in the different countries of Europe, so that mutes of any nation, although possessing no knowledge of any written or spoken language, may yet converse together intelligently. It is a living language, by which ideas are flashed from one mind to the other almost as quickly as by speech. The thought is accompanied in the mind by the motion expressing it as naturally as by spoken or written word to the mind of others. As an illustration of its aptness, he read the hymn, "Nearer my God to Thee," slowly, but without occasion for halting, while the Rev. Mr. Mann interpreted to his class by signs. The won-

derful expressiveness of the language became at once evident to the whole congregation. Every sentiment of the beautiful hymn was conveyed very forcibly to their minds. When he reached the verse,

"Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me
My rest a stone,
Still in my dreams I'd be
Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,"

the spoken words seemed no longer necessary. The mute eloquence of motion carried every idea to their minds even more powerfully than if told by word or music. The effect upon those observing closely was most touching, and it continued with every line to the close of the hymn.

The Rev. Mr. Mann then addressed the class, the signs being interpreted to the congregation by the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet. It was a brief recital of the necessity, rise, and progress of the religious work for mutes in the United States. At the close the Rev. Mr. Morgan spoke encouragingly of the efforts in St. John's Church. A collection was taken and the announcement for the general work was made that a formal collection would be made for this cause on the twelfth Sunday after Trinity.—*Cincinnati Gazette*, Monday, June 18.

REMSEN, N. Y., Oct. 13, '76.

Our customers know what they like. They don't buy what they don't like. They have bought more of Hatch's Universal Cough Syrup, for the past four years, than of any other cough remedy we keep. Judging from this fact, and from what they say of the medicine, we believe it to be a first-class article of its kind. We sell it on its merits. No cure, no pay! JONES & RICHARDS.

No one can give so reliable information in regard to the value and sale of a medicine as the dealer. Ask your druggist what he knows about this remedy. Gratuitous samples can almost always be obtained. For sale by dealers generally. 50-4w

Great Fire in St. Johns, N. E.

A fire broke out at half-past two o'clock to-day in McLaughlin's boiler shop. A strong wind was blowing at the time, which drove the flames rapidly forward and in a short time hundreds of houses, stores and lumber yards were destroyed, including all the public buildings the three principal hotels, telegraph offices, and all the newspaper offices. Three-fourths of the city is destroyed. The loss is estimated at from \$10,000,000 to \$

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Central New York Institution.

Sinks' Opera House, Rome, N. Y., was crowded, every available place being taken, on the occasion of the second annual exhibition exercises of this institution, June 15th. The programme embraced all the grades of educational exercises and those of pantomime, four in number, "Better in the morning," by Prof. Johnson; "A Psalm of Life," by Miss Grace Smith; "I would not live away," by Miss Ella Randall, and "The Watch on the Rhine," by Prof. Selney, same as last year, repeated by request. George Schouten interested the audience and provoked their mirth by various natural pantomimic representations. The exercises closed with the rendering of the Lord's Prayer in concert by four little ones, two boys and two girls.

Quite a number attended from Utica, among them Mr. John Carlin, of New York, who is at present visiting friends in the vicinity. Mr. C. visited the institution on Saturday, but as school closed on Friday there was little to see except old friends, and the bustle preparatory to going home.

Vacation will begin on June 20th, but before that date almost every body will be away. School commences Sept. 6th, with additional facilities and additional pupils.

C. S. M.

Our Marblehead Letter.

MARBLEHEAD, Mass., June 11th, '77. EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—You have already heard of the success of the fair gotten up by the deaf-mute ladies of this town for the benefit of the Industrial Home. I cannot but express a deep sense of gratitude to them for the amount they cleared and deposited in the hands of the trustees. May God bless them and all the works they intend to do hereafter.

Now they are contemplating a grand picnic to take place in August next, at the time of the meeting of the trustees. Due notice will be given inviting all deaf-mutes and their friends to be present to enjoy the occasion of the reunion and partake of some splendid clam chowder, &c., and to take rides in row boats and sailing craft upon the briny depths. This picnic will probably be held on Marblehead Neck—the being famous as a pleasant summer resort. It is hoped that all deaf-mutes in this vicinity, at least, will be prepared to attend it.

At the last meeting of the trustees a letter was received from Dr. Smith, of Petersboro, N. H., the executor of the will of Miss Morrison, and one of the trustees, signifying his desire to resign the latter office as his age and health prevented him from doing anything and he thought an energetic man should be put in his place who could do more good than he could. He was at least a warm friend of the Home project. Rev. James R. Bowler, of Rockland, Me., a Baptist missionary and a warm friend of deaf-mutes, who has a deaf-mute son, was appointed to fill the vacancy. I have sent you his letter of acceptance. It shows what kind of a man we have. I had the pleasure of meeting him once, and am glad we found such a good trustee to represent the State of Maine. He is well known throughout that State.

There have been rumors circulated that I employ drunken and unworthy agents to collect money for the Home and that I sent them to New Hampshire. Hence the article in the Manchester Daily Union cautioning the public not to trust some of them. I would say in reply that I never hire agents of doubtful character. I keep only two agents and their names are Samuel Hamilton and Wm. Bailey, who are faithful and reliable, strictly honest and temperate men. How the article came to be inserted in the Union is a mystery to me; but I expect to be in Manchester soon, and as the editor of said paper is an old friend of mine, I expect to learn who the drunken men were who collected money there.

SWETT.

Notes from the Far West.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Perhaps your readers may be interested in a few lines from the far West, which give personal accounts.

Prof. W. S. Smith, the ex-principal of the Oregon deaf-mute school has been suspended in accordance with the growth of a new political system, arising from the development of party organization, but with the satisfaction that he has become possessed of a small tract of land, and that will afford him a season of comfortable life. His wife's maiden name was Winkop, and she graduated from the New York Institution. She has just inherited a moderate fortune and in the future they may buy another farm.

John H. La Rue, the assistant teacher of the school has resigned that position. He is very fond of farming life. He is unmarried. He once owned a considerable tract of land and he has just sold it for a good price. He is looking for a better farm.

John W. Bentley, the well-known shoemaker, was a student of the California Institution some years ago, and part of the time was under the instruction of Prof. W. S. Smith. He found it necessary to contract matrimony. He married a semi-mute lady named Dora Billings, both of whom are living in the southern part of the next county, and enjoy the comforts of life. They were presented with a good lot, and cultivate their orchard with care.

The school at the deaf and dumb institution has made slow progress. Three were twenty-one pupils in attendance, but being permitted to have their vacation much earlier than usual they acquired but little progress. A new mute teacher of the Eastern States is expected to come in August to assume the duties

of assistant teacher. No doubt he will be welcomed among us as one of our best citizens. The institution needs the new speaking principal very much.

Perhaps in the future I may take a fishing excursion to the coast for the benefit of my health. If I go I shall bring back a fine collection of curious shells and other little curiosities.

J. D. B.

Salem, Or., May 31st, 1877.

Prof. Job Turner at Concord, N. H.,

CONCORD, N. H., June 11, 1877. EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—A very nice time have I had since I wrote you last. I am now writing this in the study of the Right Rev. W. W. Niles, D. D., bishop of Maine, whose hospitality I am enjoying. I find his family very pleasant. Bishop Niles was in college with President Gallaudet of the National Deaf-mute College. I find him a very fine-looking gentleman. Mrs. Niles is a Hartford girl. She says she was schoolmate and playmate with the children of the late Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet. The Bishop is almost always away on his visitations. He recognized me as soon as he saw me in his house, because we went from Hartford to Providence after the funeral of Mrs. Gallaudet at the former city. He has given me his license to conduct special services in his diocese. Bishop Padlock of Mass., has already given me one. Bishop Neely of Maine will send me one soon. I should have received it from him in Portland about ten days ago, but he was absent in N. Y., and would not return home for two weeks. The bishops of Vt. Conn. and R. I., will soon authorize me, and then I shall be very busy in my mission.

Yesterday I conducted three very pleasant services in this city, in which I felt myself at home. My silent listeners were nine in number. There was a large number of speaking people at my services. Yesterday afternoon I officiated at St. Paul's Church, which was well filled. I conducted services to both deaf-mutes and hearing audiences, as if I could hear and speak, which I find no difficulty in doing with the assistance of speaking interpreters. My plan is more successful than I thought it would be.

Permit me to furnish you with some incidents of my journey from Gray to this city. I left Gray for Portland with Mr. Hunt, early on the morning of the 31st ult., and conducted a religious service in St. Luke's Cathedral, with the assistance of Rev. W. C. Hayes, the chaplain, the same evening, Bishop Neely being absent in New York. The cathedral is a large edifice, and is the same church where Dr. Gallaudet officiated when the New England Deaf-mute Convention met in Portland. The cathedral was lighted with about 100 burners, and it was a beautiful sight.

I next officiated in Saco three times on Sunday, June 3d. I spoke in the chapel of the Unitarian church twice, and in Trinity Church in the evening. The church was well filled, and I conducted an Episcopal service with the assistance of the rector as interpreter, to my great satisfaction. The deaf-mutes of Saco and Biddeford did all they could to make my stay pleasant, and I shall never forget the kind treatment which I received at their hands.

On the afternoon of the 2d inst., Mr. and Mrs. Page took me into the country to see three deaf-mutes. We had a nice ride of 26 miles. We called on Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Cleam, who welcomed us heartily. Mr. Cleam subscribed for the JOURNAL, and I hope he will be much pleased with it. They have a pet lamb which follows them like a dog. We next called upon Miss Marilla Dunnell, a young lady at Buxton Centre. None of your readers can judge of the joy which she felt at seeing us at her house. She could not sit quietly but moved wildly for joy, as she had not seen any deaf-mutes for a long time.

On the 4th inst., I left Biddeford and turned my face towards West Henniker, to pay my respects to Mr. Thomas Brown, the deaf-mute Cincinnati. I made two stops on my way, one at Lowell and the other in this city.

On the 6th inst I found myself at Mr. Brown's where I enjoyed his company very much in spite of the heavy rain of two days.

I returned here last Saturday evening and was received by Bishop Niles' wife. I have had a very nice home with his family and am about starting for Frankfort, to attend to very important business, which will no doubt help me very much in my mission.

Yours truly,

JOB TURNER.

Struck by Lightning.

During the terrific thunderstorm on the morning of June 6, the large and handsome new residence of Mr. Luther Beal in the southwestern part of Sandwich, Ill., was struck by lightning and barely escaped total destruction. There was no one in the house but a deaf-mute named Mrs. Hiram Limberlake, who was found lying insensible on the floor. The house was struck on the cupola, and the current descended into the house and passed out on three sides, ripping off the siding, smashing windows, tearing off the plastering, and throwing the furniture into general confusion. Mr. Beal and his wife are absent visiting their son Rev. Elery Beal, at Prairie Center, but have been telegraphed the sad calamity that has befallen their beautiful home. The building is so badly shattered that it will take several hundred dollars to repair it.

It is a singular fact that half a dozen buildings in that vicinity, have been struck by lightning within the past two weeks. On Monday, May 29, 1876, about one year ago the dwelling house on the adjoining lot belonging to Mr. F. O. Limberlake, brother of Mrs. Beal, was struck, and Mrs. Limberlake received serious injuries from which it seems that she has never fully recovered.

The house was insured in the Home of New York. This case is another illustration of the wisdom of insurance. Mr. Hiram Limberlake, a graduate of the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, died lately of apoplexy.

A. S. G.

Waterman, Ill., June 10th, 1877.

Prof. Job Turner at Daniel Webster's Farm Again.

FRANKLIN, N. H., June 13, '77.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—After I had mailed my Concord letter to you, I called at the Orphan Home of the Episcopal Diocese of this State, the matron of which received and entertained me very kindly. She brought me a bright little deaf-mute girl about 7 years old, who was too bashful to talk with me. She told me that the girl's father treated her very unkindly in Portsmouth, N. H., and that she was placed under her charge. She says she intends to adopt her as her own child, and is very anxious to send her to Hartford. She told me that she could not make her understand how to write. I advised her to teach her penmanship with a lead pencil for one year only, without giving her any lessons, and told her it was the best thing she could do. I know it by personal experience, because I practiced penmanship at home for about one year when I was a boy of 6 years old. The Home is very beautifully situated two miles and a half from Concord. A gentleman nine years ago presented it to Bishop Niles, of N. H., for that purpose. The matron is a nice lady, and her brother is Rev. Dr. Caster, Rector of the Chapel of the Savior, N. Y. city. She loves the deaf-mute girl so much, that she wishes to make her happy. I returned to Concord in time to take the cars for this place where I set my foot last Monday evening. I do not wish to leave here this morning without adding a few items to what I, the other day, wrote you about this place. Daniel Webster first studied law in this house. He was twelve years old when his father bought this farm. My aunt's husband bought it of him in 1857, and she disposed of it after her husband's death, because she had too many cares.

Yesterday, at sunset, my cousin, Mrs. Burleigh, and myself went to a rock about 50 feet high, from which we took a fine view of the farm. Daniel Webster wrote one of his famous letters on this rock, to which he often resorted to write and read. I am told that while he was visiting this farm in the summer of 1848, in a letter to his son, he exclaims, "This is the most beautiful farm on the earth."

Yesterday afternoon we called on a venerable gentleman named Judge Nesmith, once the particular friend of Daniel Webster. He has promised to send me one of his autographs. He is a very tall man, and is very smart for his age—he being 75 years old.

I am very thankful that I am well enough rested to labor in the vineyard of the Lord for a long time. I am about starting for Amherst, N. H., to be the guest of George Kent, Esq., the celebrated deaf-mute angler. He writes that he is anticipating a visit from me with great pleasure, and that he does not wish to give up seeing me.

I met a very venerable doctor yesterday, who used to be Daniel Webster's family doctor. He is a very pleasant gentleman, and has a blind daughter 26 years old, who was educated at the South Boston Blind Institution.

I passed through Boscawen where Daniel Webster established his first law office. Many kind receptions do I meet with during my mission work.

I must bid you good morning. Yours truly, JOB TURNER.

Letter from a Yankee Deaf-Mute.

FARMINGTON, Conn., June 14, 1877.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—I take up my pen to write about deaf-mutes whom I have visited lately. I have been to Meriden, Wallingford and Southington, recently, and visited several deaf-mutes residing in those towns, and enjoyed my visit very much. Meantime I staid at Mr. E. Hough's house in Meriden, on Sunday, the 27th, and called on Peter Geisler, another deaf-mute, at his residence, by invitation.

I talked with those deaf-mutes and their families about the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes, how Dr. Thos. Gallaudet works in behalf of the unfortunate deaf-mutes through the Union, and how I got along while I was an inmate of the "Home," (my name was printed in your paper of March, 1876), the condition of the "Home" and its work, and St. Ann's Church. These words I said were all pleasant and good.

I shall try to relate how I got along during my visit to Hartford. I went there last April, and staid at the Asylum over Sunday, and had an invitation to go to H. M. Fairman's, which I accepted, and had a very pleasant time. I spent much time in talking about deaf-mute news, and also enjoyed some divine services in the chapel very well, for I heard two excellent sermons.

I made a call on W. L. Bird, my best deaf-mute friend, at his residence one evening, and enjoyed my visit very much, for I had a pleasant time with him and his family.

I noticed an item in your paper of April, 1876, I believe, that I was added to the inmates of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes. Well, you were all right in saying so. I must tell you that I was an inmate of that "Home" four months, from February 14th to June 6th, 1876, and supported by the Mission. I had to leave New York city because of the heat, which oppressed my head, making it worse, and which was likely to endanger my life. So Dr. Gallaudet sent me out of the city as soon as I could get my things ready, and thus saved my life.

Since I left New York city I have had no home to go to and stay, and am try-

ing to get a place to board and work, as my folks cannot keep me at home without money to pay for my board. I have tried to get work in Hartford and other places many times, but failed because of dull times and other causes, and I feel discouraged. I can't live without employment. Who will help me? I wish some of the deaf-mutes would help me by getting some place for me to work in any shoe factory or job printing office; or I would like to work on some farm to earn my board with some deaf-mute farmer, as I am advised to do for a while till I can obtain work in a shop. People of this town will not hire me.

I visited Boston, Mass., in November, 1876, and staid at Mr. W. H. Goldsmith's, a deaf-mute friend of mine, one week, and enjoyed my visit very much. I also had a pleasant time with several more of my good friends there.

During my stay in New York city I used often to go to St. Ann's Church to hear Dr. Gallaudet preach, and enjoyed his sermons very well.

Yours truly,

LE ROY B. DEMING.

From Louisiana.

There comes a fact from the Louisiana Institution at Baton Rouge to the effect that there is a complete reorganization of the officers and a better management of the institution.

There was considerable excitement among the pupils and citizens of this city over the fact that Mr. John A. McWhorter was removed from the office of Superintendent and the appointment of Major John Preston, the uncle of Gov. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, as the new Superintendent, and the reelection of Joseph H. Barnes and Mrs. Annie E. Barnes as the teachers, are attributed by many distinguished citizens directly to the powerful influences of the Vice-President with the new Administration. The appointment of Major Preston is, of course, becoming quite popular among the pupils, and the new management is very pleasant for them. The new Administrators decided to make the change to secure the utmost pleasantness for the pupils and citizens.

While all the teachers have been languishing under the misfortunes of the past years, they have been cheated out of their pay. They were heartily sick of such misfortune, and about one dozen changes and resignations were made during a short time. Now the new Administrators are looking to accomplish the best management under the new Superintendent. They will bring favorable results to the best interests of Louisiana.

CORRESPONDENT.

Baton Rouge, La., June 13th, 1877.

A Fine Game of Base Ball at the New York Institution.

On the afternoon of Saturday, June 9th, an interesting game of ball took place between the Hudson and Amity clubs, both of this institution. The game was opened at half past two, with the Hudson's at the bat, where by heavy batting coupled with several important errors of the Amity's they succeeded in scoring four runs, one of which was fairly earned. In the first inning of the Amity's, they scored a beautiful, little, round goose egg. In the second inning the Hudsons only scored one, while the Amity's scored two. S. B. M. opened the 3d inning for the Hudsons by sending a magnificent fly to center field, which the fielder of the Amity's failed to catch, and Captain M. reached the first base in safety. McPaul next took the scratch. At the first strike he knocked a high-flyer, which went coursing towards right field in a lively style, where it was very neatly caught by Chas. Lawton, and by him was quickly thrown to first base, and field captain M., who had not reached second base before the ball was caught, was also put out, thus making a fine double play by Messrs. Lawton and Donnelly of the Amity's. The next striker was quickly retired, and the Hudsons went to the field evidently meaning business, for they white-washed the Amity's in the third inning, and added two runs to their score in the fourth.

In the fourth inning, while the Amity's were at the bat, the Hudsons also made a double play, the participants in which were C. S. Doane and field-captain M., nevertheless the Amity's scored one before retiring.

From the commencement of the fifth to the close of the eighth, the Hudsons scored two runs in each inning. While in the same number of innings the Amity boys scored seven, all of which were gained by culpable errors in the fielding of the Hudsons during the 7th inning. W. A. E. made a fine running catch while the Hudsons were at the bat in the 6th inning. The eighth inning of the Hudsons was marked by a splendid fly to center field by S. B. M. In the ninth inning, the Hudsons by heavy batting improved their opportunities, and added five more runs to their score. In the last inning, the Amity boys could only increase their score one, and the game was ended and the ball handed over to the Hudsons.

The chief strength of the Hudsons lies in McPaul, their lightning pitcher, and in Scott, the catcher. These two put out no less than a dozen men. For the Hudsons, C. S. Doane, S. B. M., and M. McPaul led at the bat. A. Emmens, Chas. Lawton, and Charlie Vetterlein batted very strongly for the Amity's.

The following is the score by innings:
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Hudson, 4 1 0 2 2 2 2 5—20
Amity, 0 2 0 1 1 0 7 0 1—12
Umpire, C. Cottman. Scorer, F. Horte. Time of game, two hours and 17 minutes.

NOTE.—The catching of Scott was superb and he was a great aid to the Hudsons. He is an old graduate and does not strictly belong to the Hudson nine. Stengell, the catcher of the Amity's, was absent and that coupled with Scott's

superb catching, lost the game for the Amity's, who are growing stronger every day, and will soon become a match for the Hudsons, and perhaps will succeed in taking the laurels from the Hudsons, and putting them on their own brow. I expect to see the day when the Amity's will be justly called the champion club of the institution.

POLOPHILOIS * BORTHALASSES.

Chicago Correspondence.

DEATH OF JAMES C. INNES.

From our own Correspondent.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 20, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—During the last six months the deaf-mute population of this city has received a large proportion of increase by the advent of mutes from other States. Some of the old residents have returned from their wanderings. Among the latest arrivals of new comers are Mr. Fred Clough, a gentlemanly looking mute from New York, and Mr. Lynch, of Wisconsin. One morning the latter from some unknown reason, like the Arab, "folded his tent and silently stole away"—into the desert of Sahara for all we know.

Mr. Ed. Kingon who has been traveling extensively down South, returned a short time ago, looking hale and hearty. He was warmly welcomed by his many friends here.

Mr. Andrews returned to his home in Michigan. The rest of the deaf-mutes are doing well. Last Thursday witnessed the invasion of our precincts by a large deaf-mute brigade from Jacksonville, of all ages, sizes and sexes. They looked pretty thoroughly tired out and seemed heartily glad to escape the confinement of the schoolroom to enjoy a few months' respite at home.

Prof. Williams of Wisconsin, who has been to Springfield, Ill., returned to this city a short time ago. He is at present stopping with Mr. P. A. Emery. He is a warm advocate of the interests of the mutes, and he has many friends among them. He is persistent in his efforts to remove the prejudice against deaf-mutes as a class that exists among hearing people.

It becomes my painful duty to record the fact that the inveterate foe to life, Death, has, after leaving us unmolested for years, appeared in our community and stricken down a much beloved member. On Sunday evening, Mr. James G. Innes took his leave of us here below. The announcement that he was no more took us all by surprise. His death was sudden and unexpected; few were aware of the serious nature of his illness, which was only of short duration. He was born in Scotland and attended school there two years before coming to America. He spent a number of years at Jacksonville. He was good natured and treated his fellow beings as he would have them treat him. He was steady, industrious and conscientious in the discharge of every duty that was assigned him. His example was one that we should note and aim to imitate. He was out off in the flower of his youth while giving promise of becoming a useful member of society. His funeral services were held yesterday at his brother's residence, in the presence of a large assemblage of mutes, and sorrowing friends and relatives. Prof. Williams interpreted the remarks of the pastor for the benefit of the mutes present. His remains were interred in Rosehill Cemetery beside his sainted mother.

DIXIE.

Letter from Worcester.

WORCESTER, Mass., June 23, 1877. EDITOR JOURNAL:—I will write an account of the deaf-mute annual meeting, that may be interesting to your readers.

Wednesday morning, George A. Holmes of Boston, David White, formerly of this city, and George B. Keniston of Cambridge, all officers of the Massachusetts Deaf-mute Christian Union in this city, came here to talk on business affairs belonging to the society. Wm. H. Green, C. F. Green, D. B. Howe and H. M. Howe, who were officers of the society, were also present. In the forenoon at the annual meeting held in the deaf-mutes' rooms, Gorham's block in this city, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: George A. Holmes of Boston, President; W. H. Green of this city, Secretary; C. F. Green, Treasurer; D. B. Howe, Auditor; George B. Keniston of Cambridge, C. E. Knight of this city, and David White, formerly of this city, Presidential Committee; David W. Cary of this city, Sexton and Librarian. Samuel Rowe of Roxbury, William Lynde of Boston, George B. Keniston, late President of the society, and George A. Holmes, were elected as preachers of the society, and Daniel W. Cary was appointed to be leader of the Bible class. Quiet prevailed in the society during the election, and the meeting lasted for about an hour and a half.

About the middle of the afternoon, Messrs. Holmes, White, W. H. Green, and D. B. Howe went to Lake Quinsigamond, about one and a half miles from this city, to enjoy the scenery of the lake for a short time, and felt very much refreshed.

In the evening we had a full house, and enjoyed hearing what was said. The president made appropriate remarks in the sign language, and was heartily applauded, and other officers addressed the meeting. At the close of the president's speech, Henry M. Howe of this city gave him a beautiful bouquet as a token of respect. When the meeting was over we all went to the Holly Tree Inn to have some refreshments.

I sincerely hope the society will continue to be prosperous and happy till June 20, 1878. I am happy to say that the society is in a flourishing condition and is not in debt now. It has done very well since the dedication of 1876. I trust that Mr. Holmes, the president, will manage the society with success,

and that he will continue to encourage it. Those who are jealous of our society should not try to destroy its prosperity and peace. Jealousy must be crushed. Let the society prosper well and be happy.

A WORCESTERIAN.

Washington Correspondence.

(From our own Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 23, '77.

The summer months in Washington are as utterly devoid of material for interesting correspondence as can well be imagined. There are no Congressmen to comment upon, no peceptions to report, nor State dinners to regale the public upon. Hungry newspaper writers, however, have always one unfailing source from which to draw—that of the Departments. Just now the Treasury is the center of attraction among them.

Wonderful things are going on there. We stand amazed at the accepted definitions of such terms as "Justice," "Appointment only from merit," "No two in a family," &c. We are blinded by the dust that is thrown in our confiding eyes while things are managed to suit the powers that be, in a most incomprehensible way. Does Uncle Sam, who pays the bills and bears the blame of all these transactions, suppose his mansion is kept clean while the dust is only swept from one corner into another? Or has his "help" gotten the upper hand of him like many a poor housewife who has allowed her domestics to "gare their ain gait" until she has lost all control over them and her household?

The last cause for dismissal from the Treasury Department was announced by the order for an investigation into the lineage of employees and a declaration that no two from the same family were to be retained. By way of sweeping from one corner into another, one of several brothers who have held office for years, was among the first to be removed, but the next day saw him snugly ensconced in a State Department position with a better salary than he had before. Surely there is no justice in discharging an unquestionably efficient soldier's widow because her brother who has a wife and family of his own to provide for, is discharging the duties of an office in the same department with her. Surely there is no justice in dismissing a poor fellow with three or four women dependent upon him, in order to make room for another nephew of Secretary Sherman, who is reported to have already as many as seven or eight relatives drawing pay from the government. A plucky girl remarked upon hearing that "No two in a family" were to be retained in the Government service, that under that rule the service must either lose the executive power of its finances, or the Commander-in-Chief of its Army. That girl ought to "get a place." Departmental "discrimination" is another of the fearful and wonderful things that passeth understanding. Poor women who lost their all when they lost their husbands, fathers or brothers in the late war, have lately been dismissed for no reason that could be explained, while others are appointed or retained of whom it is plainly said, "they are not really good clerks, but they have influence." This is indeed pitiable, and not the "reform" we need. Secretary Sherman has a hard task before him and cannot be expected to give a perfect Rome in a day, but we give him, at least, credit for going to work in earnest and of sticking to it thus far.

The Foundry Church is the President's church because it is Mrs. Hayes' church and is near by the White House, and it is one of Mrs. Hayes' idiosyncrasies to walk to service. The Presidential family, therefore, walk to and from church in an unpretending manner; the President has subscribed \$500 for its yearly support; and Mrs. Hayes makes it a point to attend class-meetings and all their social entertainments. At one given recently a lovely feature was a wonderful well, most artistically constructed of old brown rocks, around which green mosses and vines hung, gray lichens crept, and from the crevices of which floated fragrant grasses and ferns. Involuntarily we looked for the old oaken bucket, but when we asked for a drink from its cool depths, and thought to receive a cup "with the emblem of truth over-flowing, and dripping with coolness," in lieu thereof we were presented with a glass of iced lemonade.

MARTHA M. WHITNEY.

—An exchange drops into Biblical language very naturally and very wisely: "The wise daughter is the pride of her father; yea, her mother also doth delight in her; but the foolish maiden bringeth sorrow. She hangeth on the front gate; she tippeth up her hat over her left ear; her eye is full of mischief. She glanceth over her shoulder when she promenades on Main Street. Her handkerchief also is seen. Then the dry-goods clerk says, 'Ha, ha!' He smileth to himself; he maketh mistakes in the measure of calico."

—Hon. D. W. C. Peck and family, of this village, left for Chicago by the N. T. steamer Milwaukee last Saturday night on a visit.

—The sale of the N. Y. & O. Midland railroad has been postponed till January 1878, to enable the Court to settle questions as to priority of claims.

—Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Baker left here to visit Stonington, Conn., and other points in the east, Tuesday. We hope Mr. Baker's health will be much benefited by the trip.

—Mrs. A. C. Thomas and son left Wednesday to visit friends in Massachusetts.

—Rev. W. L. Parker, formerly of this village, has accepted the rectorate of Christ Church in Oswego.

—Rev. Wm. A. Smith, of Morrisville, N. Y., will preach in the Presbyterian church, next Sunday, morning and evening.

The Greenfield Case.

On the 18th of July Judge Huntington, counsel for Orlando Greenfield, now lying in jail in this city under conviction and sentence for murder in the first degree in the alleged killing of his wife in the town of Orwell, in this county, will make a motion for a new trial in the Oyer and Terminer before Judge Merwin, on the ground of the jury and newly discovered evidence. What a portion of such evidence is the following statement discloses:

On the 11th of May last Under Sheriff Doyle of this city received a letter written in a very rude hand, post marked Grand Rapids, Mich., May 9, and addressed as follows: "to the sheriff of Oswego County N. Y. post there in hast it will save a man." The letter is as follows:

I spare Greenfield I killed her, his wife, after satisfying my inhuman lust on her senseless form since that time I have ben in the wilds of mich yet i cant doo a double murder.

I am a jerman and before you get this i shall be gone far away.

Why clamer after his life he is innocent.

On the 17th of May the following letter was obtained from the wife of Alden Kellogg of Orwell, by Mrs. Hopkins, a neighbor:

Lafayette Ind

Aug 21 the 1876.

Friend Alden

It is with plasure that I take my pen in hand two inform you that I am well and hope this Will find you the same and your little family. Alden I am in Lafayette i seen my poor old mother once more I did not no her nor she did not no me but when she found out who i was she fainted and fell in my arms you ought two see her yes you had Alden you dont know how much she has changed you would not no her Alden a mother is a mother Lowisa did not no me but i now her she has got a nice man he is driving a hurce for the City he gets \$50 dollars pur month i was out to see frank last sunday me and Miley she is gay you bet she is she is our ant she and me went all around two gather. Since i have been in Lafayette i went down to see dily last Sunday I am going down to franks House next saturday night we are a going to have a good time. We are all going to meet. Alden if you want to see ma you had Better Come up soon she is failing fast i am going to Work in a livry stable in the City I get ten dollars pur week Lowisa man got me the place i must quit for this time hoping to hear from you soon Direct to Lafayette ind

ROYAL KELLOGG
24 Brown St

Rite soon from your Brother Royal Kellogg We will not think of the past but the here after Lafayette

Royal

The above is written with ink on three sides of a sheet of letter paper. The following is written with a pencil on the fourth page of the sheet:

tell me about the murder if you think it all right tell them i am in Lafayette and if they Want me they can come and get me I just got my pictur took to day me and lowisa she had a White sack on so it did not take so Well she is going two have sum more taken and i Will send you an other Massell lost her oldest girl she was 10 years old franks idia got Maird last sunday i got a new suit of cloth Mr George spoilt my suit.

Alden Kellogg is a young married man who

Literary Notices.

SCRIBENERS for July begins with a capital article by Maurice Thompson on "Bow-Shooting." The other illustrated papers are R. W. Wright's "Richmond Since the War," Tourgenieff's powerful and characteristic sketch, "The Nobleman of the Steppe," David Gray's "Last Indian Council on the Genesee," Mrs. S. B. Herrick's "Depths of the Sea," and William Henry Bishop's "Battle of Bunkerloo." Mr. J. H. Beadle's paper on "The Mormon Theocracy" will surely be read, as it deserves to be for its timeliness and practicality. Among the other prose articles that might be noticed are Miss Stuart's "Anecdotes of Gilbert Stuart" and Julius Wilcox's "Nether Side of Life Insurance." The editorial departments are very full and fresh.

The editors expect that "The Midsummer Holiday (August) Number" will surpass the attractions which made its predecessor of last year such a success.

St. Nicholas for July has just the right kind of reading and pictures for lazy summer weather. It treats things especially belonging to July in a capital, fully illustrated paper on "Gunpowder," by an ex-officer of the U. S. Army; a lively account of how "The Peterkins celebrated the Fourth," by Lauretta P. Hale; a delightful description of "A Boy's Life on a Man-of-war," by a naval officer; and an entertaining article on "George the Third" by Noah Brooks.

Girls, boys, and older readers will enjoy the story of the heroism of "Nellie in the Light-House," and will find reasonable hints in Dr. Hunt's "Talk about Swimming," and a paper on "Camping Out." These three are suitably illustrated, the first with a frontispiece, by Champney, that almost speaks its meaning.

Mr. Trowbridge's serial story, "His Own Master," has four splendid long chapters with two pictures by C. S. Reinhart. There are other excellent contributions in art, prose, and verse, breathing the hope and smiling the sunshine of the season.

The first and only railway in China, the line from Shanghai to Woosung, recently built by English capitalists, turns out to be a great success. There is a regular traffic, and a rush for the cars at the stations. The nimble natives are particularly expert at getting inside the cars. The Chinese themselves have undertaken a line to run from Woosung to Soochow, and English capitalists are not indisposed to advance the funds on an enterprise which promises to pay. The railway having thus become incorporated with the new policy of the most conservative nation of the world, it is estimated that before many years English and American engineers, contractors and builders will be having something to do with the vast interior of the Chinese Empire.

The Little Ones.

Do you ever think how much work a little child does in a day? How, from sunrise to sunset the dear little feet patter round—to us—so aimlessly; climbing up here, kneeling down there, running to another place, but never still, twisting and turning, rolling and reaching and doubling, as if testing every bone and muscle for their future uses. One who does so may easily understand the deep breathing of the rosy little sleeper, as with one arm tossed over its curly head it prepares for the next day's gymnastics. A busy creature is a little child.

Here and There.

Mrs. J. A. Slawson is quite sick.

Dr. and Mrs. George R. Metcalf are in town.

Lizzie V. Skinner has gone to Cazenovia, to visit friends.

Chloride of lime sprinkled on cellar floors will drive away snails.

Charles R. Skinner, of Watertown, was in town last week.

Becker Bros. have put up a very nice awning in front of their store.

Sandy Creek has one hundred signers to the temperance reform pledge.

Miss Jennie Whitney, of Oswego, is visiting at L. F. Alfred's in this village.

Hon. C. Ames has been appointed postmaster of Oswego, vice J. A. Place.

There will be no services in the Universalist church, on Sunday, June 24th.

It is intended to remodel and beautify the Sandy Creek Congregational church.

Sheds are being built for the accommodation of teams, behind the Universalist Church.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Ballard returned from their Western trip last Saturday.

Mrs. J. A. Mead is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bushnell, in this village.

Miss Gertrude Stone, who has been attending school at Packer Institute, came home last Saturday.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Simon Parkhurst, who has been ill for some time, is improving in health.

It is said that Tom Sayles is the happiest man in Mexico—because he is now the father of a bouncing boy.

Mrs. Wickwire, of this village, is 93 years old, and is still hale and hearty. She has eaten no butter for 30 years.

A Remarkable Family Gathering in this Village.

June 12th, 1877, was a notable day in the calendar of the Webb family. For the first time since the original breaking up began—through marriage taking from beneath the parental roof the elder members of the family—were the children of Loring Webb all gathered in one place, and the original circle, unbroken by death, re-formed.

The house of Charles L. Webb, so many years the gentlemanly agent at our railroad station, was the place of reunion. Here were present nine brothers and sisters, whose names and ages are as follows: William S. Webb, of Mexico, aged 80; Thomas, of Colosse, aged 78; Nehemiah, of Mexico, aged 76; Morgan Lewis Webb, of Cortland, N. Y., aged 74; Henry, of Mexico, aged 72; Mrs. Susan Webb Frisbie, of Sandusky, O., aged 69; Mrs. Mary Webb Whitney, aged 67, widow of the late Hon. Orla H. Whitney, of Mexico, and now residing at Cortland, N. Y.; Charles L. Webb, aged 61, the host upon this occasion; and Edward D. Webb, of Cortland, aged 59.

What an aggregate of human life and experience! Six hundred and thirty-six years represented in the persons of one family, the children of one father and one mother! Nine brothers and sisters whose average age has already passed the boundaries of "three score years and ten!"

The eldest had left the family hearthstone to seek his own fortune, ere the youngest was born, and now actually for the first time within 50 years, and the second in their remembrance, are they together as a family.

Let us close the door—the place is sacred—the public may imagine, but it has no right to look in upon this scene. We may not listen to the recitals, the stories of the lives so long journeying in different paths, the vicissitudes of the way—the loves, the hopes, the trials and triumphs, the joys and the sorrows. Six hundred and thirty-six years condensed into a day. Words were too bulky, too cumbersome, the history must be compressed into a look, a hand-touch, a tear.

Thomas Webb, of Colosse, was the family pioneer to this town. He came first in 1812, but the war with Great Britain breaking out before he had become settled, he returned to Whites-town, Oneida county, where his father resided, until after peace was declared. He took up his residence in this town in 1820, since which time he has never resided outside the limits of Oswego county. Other brothers followed soon, and then the father and mother.

Mr. Loring Webb built the house where Mr. Almeron Thomas now resides, and this, then the best house in town, became the family headquarters.

This family has literally seen Mexico grow from a wilderness to a prosperous village. When the first one came, not a dwelling nor standing in the village was in existence save the old house just north of Toronto Mills, and that did not stand within our present corporate limits. Since that time our roads have been laid out, our schools and churches established, and our mills and other industries built up. Nearly all that makes life enjoyable has come to us since that day. The news paper, the library, railroads, telegraphs, society, organization, wealth, luxury, all are of later date.

Tuesday evening the beautiful lawn at Mr. Webb's house was lighted with Chinese lanterns, and the house decorated with flags. As the family arose from the refreshment table, about 10 p. m., strains of music from the "Mexico Helicon Band" met their ears. The serenade was at length interrupted by an invitation to the band to partake of the hospitality of the host. After which, reassembling upon the lawn and resuming their instruments, they struck up the solemn measures of old "Hebron," suggesting the appropriate words, "Thus far the Lord hath led us on." Several members of the family, with tremulous voices, joined in singing the words. A moment's lull, and a piece followed which one of the grandchildren interpreted to us in the words, "Heaven is my home"; then the "Doxology," and the earthly reunion of the "Webb Family" was ended.

D. W. C. P.

The Time to Purchase.

I will sell for the next 30 days Men's and Poy's Shoes, and Women's and Misses' Walking Shoes, regardless of cost, for cash. Also Men's Calf Boots, \$2.75. Now is the time to get good, cheap boots and shoes. Call and see them and you will be sure to buy.

S. PARKHURST,
Opposite the Post Office.
Mexico, June 18, 1877. 34-4

Real Estate Sales.

Ferdinand T. Rhode to John F. Slocom, land in West Monroe, \$1,500. May, 1877.

Samuel Babcock to Janette Palmer, land in Albion, \$500. April, 1877.

Mary E. Sanders to Alanson M. May, land in New Haven, \$500. August, 1869.

Daniel M. Druce to Willis C. Johnson, land in New Haven, \$75.50. June, 1877.

Sarah J. Herm to Mary M. Hulbert, land in Hastings, \$50. May, 1877.

Ann L. Farmer to Charles Haines, land in Redfield, \$400. Jan., 1877.

Edward D. Edick to Willard T. Seymour, land in Parish, \$1,400. January, 1877.

William H. James to Richard R. Jones, land in Richland, \$1,000. January, 1869.

—More improvement are being made around the village.

Obituary.

PARISH, June 16, 1877.

DIED—in this town, June 14, 1877, of cancer and paralysis, Amanda, wife of Edwin Palmer, aged 52 years. For eleven years past, she has been an invalid. The last week of her life she suffered intensely. Chloroform and opium would hardly quiet her. She had long expected death and was prepared for the messenger, and her family expected it, for her physician indulged in no hopes of her recovery.

Her life from her youth up to the time of her death was that of practice rather than profession. It was her aim to benefit humanity by alleviating the distressed and comforting the afflicted. A short time before her death, she said, "I am glad I am failing; I am glad I am going." Life she enjoyed as well as most people, but a higher life she preferred. She was a person recognized by her neighbors as possessing an excellent mind and also more than ordinary intelligence.

Her funeral was held at her late residence, yesterday (Friday) and speakers of her own choice, Warren Woolson and A. H. Morse, addressed the congregation. They spoke of her triumphant death and of her entering her heavenly home.

[The deceased was a very estimable lady and was highly esteemed by all who knew her. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved husband.—Ed.]

PALERMO.

We are having one of the finest seasons thus far that could be desired. June is the pearl of the year, the month of flowers, of leaves, and of grasses, and now the latter are in full perfection, and charm us with their lovely emerald hues. The emblem of June is a wreath of varied grasses in flower, surrounding a cluster of strawberries. "Now is the new wine of the year," and every sentient thing rejoices in the bright sun, the pure air, the fleecy clouds and the gorgeously tinted sunsets.

The funeral services of Mrs. Guy P. Loomis were largely attended at the Baptist church, yesterday afternoon. The services were conducted by Rev. J. H. McGahan, of Mexico.

Mrs. Loomis had been a resident of this town for fifty years.

We see but few comparatively who walked our streets forty years ago, and they, like venerable bounds or ancient land-marks indicate the rude hand of time, while we read the unmistakable language of dimmed eyes, furrowed brows, frosty locks and wrinkled faces, reminding us that here we have no abiding home or "continuing city," for we are all in the great procession that leaves the sunny, bustling hill-top of life to descend into the shaded valley and silence of the tomb.

Yu No.

Briars and Grapes.

"OH, HOW FULL OF BRIARS IS THIS WORKING DAY WORLD!" [As You Like It.]

Yes! and they do so scratch and tear things, as one works his way along, that it takes almost a mint of money to keep respectably clothed. Happily for Syracuseans, they have Kent & Miller.

THE ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS, who have crowded down the Prices so low, and crowded up the Quality so high, that it is as great a pleasure to buy Ready-Made Clothing there as to feast on grapes. Their

BLUE FLANNEL SUITS are unequalled, and it requires the utmost exertion of their full complement of work people to keep up with the demand.

WHITE VESTS are offered in great variety of Pleasing Styles, in Marcellines, Linen, and Duck, of beautiful patterns as well as plain.

DUSTERS of Linen, and Alpaca Goods, best quality, are indispensable to the comfort of travelers.

CHILDREN'S SUITS in Light Goods, substantially made, not for mere looks but to wear, can be obtained at the Lowest Cash Prices.

EVERYBODY CAN BE SUITED.

at KENT & MILLER'S,
18 and 20 South Salina St., Syracuse.

About ten or fifteen years ago Captain James Scott, of Oswego, befriended a poor lad named Conigan. The boy found employment in an oil refinery at Cleveland, and during dull times bought a cheap refinery. He was ready for the rising market and to-day is rich. After a long time he has induced his benefactor to go West, giving him a quarter interest in the schooner Algerine for nothing and a salary of \$1,200 per year. Such instances are rare, but they cover a multitude of sins of ingratitude.

There is no one medicine that will relieve so many pains as Carter's Compound Extract of Smartweed, a sure relief for Diphtheria, Coughs, Colds, Cholera, Colic, Diarrhea, Rheumatism, Asthma, Phthisis, Croup, Fever and Ague, and has no equal as a Liniment for man and beast. For sale by John C. Taylor, Mexico, and druggists generally.

29-6m

A Syracuse parson preached a sermon to drummers last Sunday from the text, "Seest thou a man diligent in business, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." The allusion to "mean men" was tacitly understood to refer to merchants who want "thirty-three off," and the drummers enjoyed it immensely.—N. Y. Com Adv.

The firemen are requested to meet at their Hall on Friday evening of this week, to plan for a picnic at the lake.

[From the Rondout Freeman.]

Sowing and Reaping.

It is not our custom to cite illustrations of the benefit of advertising which in the very nature of the case must inure to the advantage of parties whose name we are compelled to mention, but the case of Dr. Kennedy, of this place, is so remarkable of the kind that for once we make an exception of him. After much careful experimenting the doctor became convinced that he had found—or rather deduced from elements previously known, but never so compounded—a medicine capable in itself of doing an immense amount of good to his suffering fellow men. He was morally certain that the great and intelligent public would be altogether of his way of thinking touching the virtues of his discovery if he could only get it before them. Like a sensible man he began to invest a portion of his capital in newspaper advertisements. He had not long to wait for the visible and sensible effect of this course. Orders began to drop in one by one and then a steady bombardment of them opened upon this enterprising physician and surgeon. The Favorite Remedy soon became as well known as Dickens' Pickwick Papers or Webster's Dictionary. When people felt themselves in suffering or distress from Liver and Kidney diseases, Constipation of the Bowels, or any of those complaints peculiar to females, so subtle in character and so difficult of treatment by the ordinary modes, they bought the Favorite Remedy, used it and were healed. Now, we don't know that we are under any special obligation to Dr. Kennedy, but in order to draw the moral to enforce which this article was written, we are obliged to give him the benefit of this implied advertisement. And that moral is this: When you have something to sell which is worth public attention do as Dr. Kennedy did with the Favorite Remedy—advertise it. A great patronage has rewarded him, and the same wisdom will secure the same result for you.

32-4

MEXICO MARKETS.

RETAIL PRICES OF GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED:	
Flour (retail) Spr'g 90 75 red 1000, white 10 60	
Meal, 1/2 cwt, (retail)	1 25
Shorts, 1/2 ton,	\$20
Shippings, 1/2 ton,	\$22
Middlings, 1/2 ton,	\$25
Corn,	70
Oats,	50 @ 55
PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE:	
Butter,	15 @ 17
Loose Butter,	10 @ 14
Cheese,	11
Lard,	11
Eggs, 1/2 doz,	12
Beef 1/2 cwt,	05 @ 14
Beef, 1/2 cwt,	\$4 @ 6
Mutton, 1/2 cwt,	\$3 @ 89
Pork, 1/2 barrel, retail,	\$16
Pork 1/2 cwt,	86
Apples, (dried), 1/2 lb,	04
Ham, 1/2 lb,	11
Dressed Poultry, 1/2 lb,	8 @ 10
Potatoes, 1/2 bush,	\$0 75
Beef Hides, per lb,	5 @ 6

ONE HORSE CULTIVATOR.

Very Cheap.

ALSO

Patent

Butter

Tubs

GREATLY

Reduced Prices,

AT

T. G. BROWN'S

NEW HARDWARE STORE.

Mexico, June 13, 1877. 33

STOP!

And Read This!

It Will Pay You Well

To call and see our Stock of

DOMESTIC GOODS,

Sheetings,

Shirtings,

Tickings,

Prints, Dress Gingham,

Cloths and Ready-Made

Clothing, &c.,

And prove our assertion that we give you

Better Goods

AT

Lower Prices,

For Cash, than ever before

STONE, ROBINSON & CO.

Mexico, May 1, 1877. 27-8

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal

FOR 1877.

The acknowledged Organ of Literature for the Deaf and Dumb; has the

Widest Circulation and the Best Staff of Correspondents

of any paper of the kind in the entire universe. It is non-political in sentiment, high-toned in moral characteristics; a champion of the truth; a defender of the helpless, and contains

MORE INTERESTING NEWS AND READING MATTER

relating to the Deaf-mutes than any other paper published.

As in the past, so in the future, the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL will be conducted in the interests of the DEAF-MUTES. Its columns will be interspersed with

CHOICE ARTICLES

of reading material suitable to the wants of our class of people. Domestic news paragraphs will be abundant and foreign topics freely supplied.

THE ITEMIZER.

This popular column of personals, will have special and continued attention. We count much on the aid of our friends and readers to keep it supplied with fresh, interesting and new paragraphs.

Our motto, as heretofore, will be to give subscribers their

FULL MONEY'S WORTH

of choice reading, and we shall endeavor to the utmost of our ability to furnish a paper that shall make all who invest money in the enterprise feel satisfied that they have made a

Good Bargain.

OUR ASSISTANT EDITORS, all of whom are so well and favorably known for their literary abilities, will be retained, and the JOURNAL will be conducted on a better plan than ever.

Our Correspondents and Contributors, regular, special and occasional, embracing writers of moral articles, and spicy productions will supply our readers with interesting reading matter suited to the tastes of the grave and so late, and spice that will be relished by the gay and young.

We shall fill weekly as many columns of space during the year as we can in our Paper with

Reading Expressly Designed

For the benefit of the

Deaf and Dumb,

consisting of editorials, current news, interesting stories, information respecting the Institutions for Deaf-mutes, the workings of Deaf-mute Societies and Clubs, deaths, marriages and births, news items, and all that go to make up a paper of the most improved and progressive style. The remaining columns of our Paper will contain reading matter well worthy of perusal.

The past history of THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is a

SUFFICIENT GUARANTY

that our Paper for 1877 will merit the friendship and generous patronage of the deaf and dumb public.

TERMS:

Our Paper, notwithstanding the

Unusually Low Price

for one of its contents and worth, will, as heretofore, continue to be mailed to subscribers, postage free, terms positively

CASH IN ADVANCE,

at the following low figures:

One copy one year, postage paid, \$1 50

One copy six months,

Clubs of ten,

These prices are invariable. Never send money in an ordinary letter. Remit in drafts post-office money orders, or by registered letters

Address,
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

ORDERED BY THE
CREATION LAND SCIENCE
THE SIX NEW WORKS
OF
P. A. EMERY, M.A., D.D.

I. Order of Creation. (Chart, 20x28).
II. Arcana of Nature Revealed.
Based on Mathematics, Twelve Axioms of Creation, &c. Chart nicely colored, with Book nicely bound, \$5.00
Chart plain, with Book plain bound,

MEXICO DIRECTORY.

CHA. J. BEEBE,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Office, in Morse & Irish's Insurance office, Main St., Mexico. 5-ly

J. U. MANWAREN, M. D.

MEXICO, N. Y.
Office Jefferson St., opposite Post office.
Residence corner of Main and Railroad streets.
Female and all chronic diseases made a specialty.
SATURDAYS of each week special office days.
All calls promptly attended. 25

C. W. RADWAY, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office in Mexico Hotel. Entrance on Church Street. Office hours 9 to 10 A. M., and 1 to 2 and 7 to 9 P. M. All cases will receive prompt attention. 24-ly

REAL HALL SWITCHES

For sale at A. L. Mason's. Also Madam Foy's patent Corset Skirt Supporter.
Mexico, May 19, 1875.

H. H. DOBSON,
Dentist.

Nitrous oxide or laughing gas for extracting teeth without pain all ways on hand. All work warranted and at the lowest living prices. Office over H. C. Peck's store, Mexico, N. Y.

J. D. HARTSON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office over Stone, Robinson & Co's Store. Main St.

Wm. H. HALL,
Barber and Hair Dresser.

Particular attention paid to Shampooing, and the cutting of ladies' and children's hair.
Shop on Main street, Mexico.

DIVORCES

Legally and quietly obtained in every State and Territory, for INCOMPATIBILITY and other causes, no matter where the parties reside. 13 years' experience. Fee after decree. All letters confidential. Address

A. J. DEXTER,
Att'y, Rooms 8 & 9, 132 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Unquestionable references given. Correspondence with the legal profession invited. 44 ly

Carriages

AND

Wagons

OF ALL

STYLES

& VARIETIES

AT THE

Lowest

Living

Prices

AT

Miller's,

MEXICO, N. Y.

April 11, 1877. 24

PIMPLES.

I will mail (Free) the recipe for preparing a simple VEGETABLE BALM that will remove TAN, FRECKLES, PIMPLES and BLOTCHES, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address Ben. Vandell & Co., Box 5121, No. 5 Wooster St. N. Y. 12-6m

H. C. BEALS,
Photographer,

Jefferson St., Mexico, N. Y.

All the latest styles of Pictures, fr m Life size to the smallest Gem, made on short notice. Coloring in Oil or Water Colors done to order.

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO COPYING. FRAMES TO SUIT PURCHASERS.

Insure your Property

WITH

MORSE & IRISH,
Fire, Life & Accidental Insurance Agents.

Two New grades of Uncolored Jap Teas, at 50 and 60c, which beat all others. Try us.

WOODRUFF & COB.

At a special meeting of the Oswego County Agricultural Society held on the 20th of June, 1877, at the Mexico Hotel, Mr. Abner C. Matoon, of Oswego city, was unanimously elected President for the current year.

H. L. BARTON, Sec'y.
Mexico, June 20th, 1877.

Gold Dust.

A full load of Fulton Flour at 33-2

WOODRUFF & COB'S.

C. C. D.

Orders left at Virgil's will receive prompt attention. All bills must be paid when ordered or at the time of delivery.

L. ROBBINS & SON.
Mexico, June 7, 1877. 32-4

It Beats them All.

The "Tiger" Wheel Rake. See it before you buy. It will pay you. For sale in Mexico only by

33 2 B. S. STONE & CO.

Mortar for Sale.

If you want good mortar, at low prices, call at the house of the undersigned, on Wayne street.

J. H. FREMAN.
Mexico, May 29, 1877.

Important Notice.

I would like all those indebted to call and settle immediately. By giving this matter your prompt attention you will save yourselves trouble and greatly oblige me.

LEWIS MILLER.
Mexico, N. Y., March 13, 1877.

Blue Glass.

Come and see what it does for prices at Whyborn's. What a fine flavor and how much strength it gives to half dollar and 60 ct. Tea.

Whyborn's garden seeds are kept under "blue glass." Try them and see how much quicker they will grow.

The secret of Whyborn's excellent bakestuffs in three words—Larkin and Blue Glass. Cheaper to buy than bake at the high prices of flour.

Blue glass in the window and bottom prices at the counter at Whyborn's Cash Grocery.

To Dairyman.

The Cream Color Extract kept by J. C. Taylor, and sold in quantities from half pint to one bbl., is the strongest and best preparation we ever used. We unqualifiedly recommend it to all dairymen for coloring purposes.

GEO. A. DAVIS, Union Factory, C. G. DEWEY, Dewey Factory.
Mexico, May 22, 1877. 30-3m

When you want some nice Butter, go to WOODRUFF & COB. 33-2